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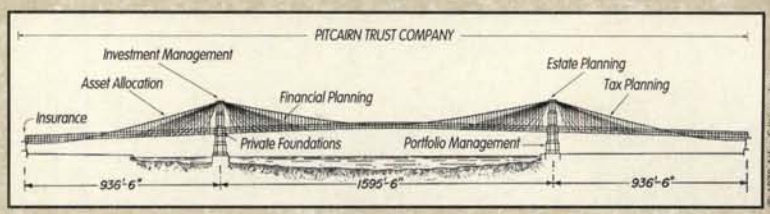

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NATIONAL REVIEW

DECEMBER 21, 1998 VOL. L, NO. 24

ARTICLES

20 Bush's League
by John J. Miller
How George W. woos the Right.

24 Minority Party
by Ramesh Ponnuru
Minority outreach won't cure the GOP.

26 Greenbacks
by Jonathan H. Adler
Why business is getting on board Kyoto.

28 Black Russians
by David Satter
The mob makes its move in Russia.

31 Low Class
by Richard Nadler
Progressive education hurts the poor most.

34 Thin Red Line
by Robert R. Detlefsen
Is the insurance market inherently discriminatory?

36 Pointless
by Stephen Moore
In defense of point shaving.

38 The Perils of Peace
by Norman Podhoretz
Israel steps closer to peace, or war?

46 Gun Shy
by John R. Lott Jr.
A misguided attempt to litigate away handguns.

49 Rear Windows
by Alan Reynolds
The Feds fails to keep pace with the computer market.

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

The Jewish Question—*John J. DiIulio Jr.*, **page 57**
The Lord Will Gather Me In, *by David Klinghoffer*

A Book for All Readers—*Florence King*, **page 59**
The Life of Thomas More, *by Peter Ackroyd*

Fighting Words—*Josiah Bunting III*, **page 60**
The Victors: Eisenhower and His Boys, *by Stephen E. Ambrose*

Apocalypse Soon—*Matthew Scully*, **page 62**
Left Behind, Tribulation Force, Nicolae, *and* Soul Harvest, *by Tim F. LaHaye and Jerry B. Jenkins*

The Meaning of Madness—*Linda Bridges*, **page 64**
The Professor and the Madman, *by Simon Winchester*

Music: Frankophilia—*Cristopher Rapp swings through Hofstra University's Sinatra conference*, **page 65**

City Desk: Gentle Souls—*Richard Brookhiser's masseuse shows that gentlefolk can thrive in Gotham*, **page 66**

Film: Down the Tube—*John Simon on* Pleasantville, The Siege, *and* Living Out Loud, **page 67**

SECTIONS

4 Letters
6 For the Record
9 The Week
54 Help!
56 Letter from Al
70 On the Right
72 The Misanthrope's Corner

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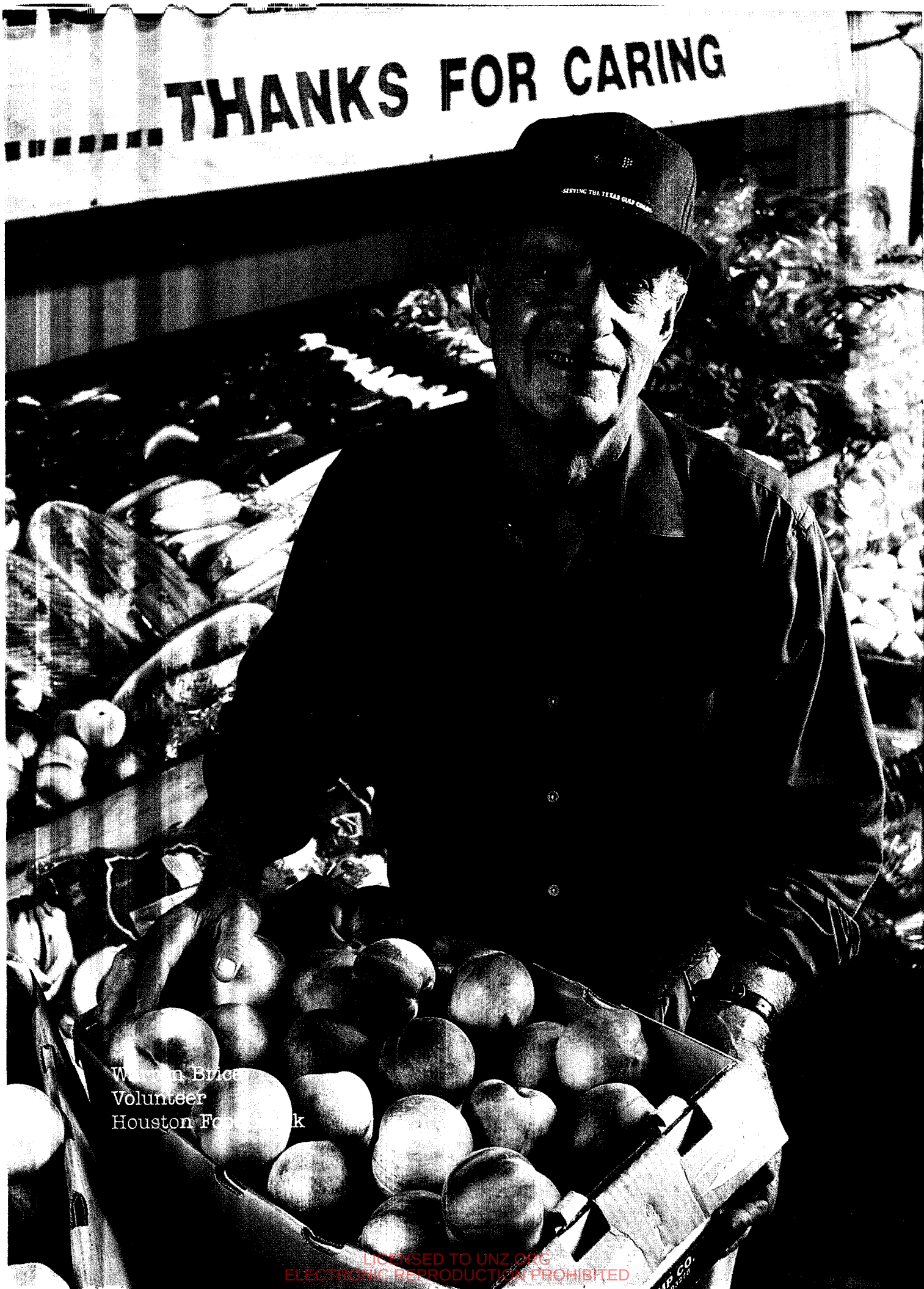

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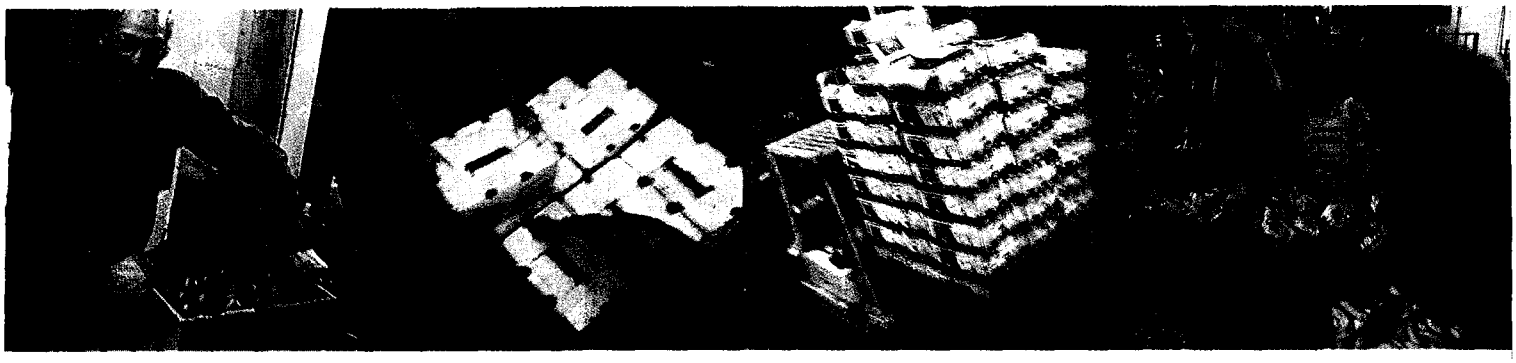
"I help hungry people get fresh and wholesome food.



And that just feels good."

It's no easy task to feed the hungry. But it's an even greater challenge to help ensure good nutrition by providing them with fresh fruits and vegetables. Fortunately, there are people like Warren Brice who thrive on such challenges. As a volunteer, Warren collects produce from wholesalers for the Houston Food Bank — part of an initiative to distribute wholesome and nutritious food to needy families in communities all around the country. Supported by the *Fresh Produce Initiative* from Kraft Foods, Inc. and its parent company Philip Morris Companies Inc., the Houston Food Bank is able to provide 60 servings of fresh produce for each dollar contributed. And with tough customers like Warren choosing the food, you can be sure that every serving makes a healthy difference.

The Houston Food Bank is one of the many organizations helping the hungry that are sponsored by the Philip Morris family of companies. It's just a part of our commitment of giving to people in need, and our legacy of community support that's been making a difference for more than forty years.

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■ LETTERS ■

AMERICAN PSYCHO

Richard Brookhiser's elegant, highly sophisticated piece about the Freud exhibition at the Library of Congress ["The Final Analysis," Nov. 23] deserves a word or two from a modern, practicing psychoanalyst. As Mr. Brookhiser suggests, Freud was never interested in politics in a heartfelt way, but he was not naïve about human nature. When Bernard Shaw and his intellectual friends were all aflutter over Communism, Freud wrote, "The Russian Communists hope to be able to cause human aggressiveness to disappear . . . [but] there is no use trying to get rid of men's aggressive inclinations."

Today, psychoanalysis is intolerable to the Left because of its non-group, non-social view of pathology and human nature: men do not kill because they have no jobs; boys do not rape because their midnight-basketball program has been canceled. Most psychoanalysts believe that early family experience and genetics transmute into individual motivation and psychology. Psychoanalysis is therefore a psychology of individuals and internal motivation, while the psychology of the Left emphasizes external motivation and victimhood. It is ironic, then, that psychoanalytic thinking is despised by many on the Right even as it is more consonant with conservative values than with liberal ones.

Yale Kramer, MD
New York, N.Y.

GRANDSTANDING

Jeffrey Hart's observations are always refreshing, but alas he must have penned "Simply Grand" [Nov. 9] after a long night. "Pairs of Corinthian columns" at the main front of New York's Grand Central Terminal? The columns are Doric, more specifically a French Doric. As for the station being modeled on Roman baths, it must be a very modest descendant. With their varieties of marble and abundant decoration, the Roman baths were a splendor beyond our imagination. Perhaps only the Jefferson Building of the Library of Congress can offer a suitable American example to rival the ancients.

Henry Hope Reed
President, Classical America
New York, N.Y.

THE WRITE WING

Terry Teachout ["Writing Right," Nov. 23] might just as well ask why there have been so few important liberal literary figures in the twentieth century. Among truly important writers you would stretch to find even a few. Thomas Mann, D. H. Lawrence, George Orwell, James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Robert Frost, W. B. Yeats—not a liberal in the bunch. Your liberals (including some recent Nobel Laureates in literature) are generally third or fourth tier.

Paul Z. DuBois
Rock Hill, S.C.

COVER SHOT

What a terrible picture of Newt Gingrich to put on the cover of your magazine [Nov. 23]. I'm sure you must have one more fitting of this loyal American. He has taken enough bashing lately and doesn't need a picture like this.

James A. Griffin
Chico, Calif.

HOUSE RULES

In his otherwise fine article, "Peace Accord" [Dec. 7], John J. Miller writes that my post-election announcement that seven Republicans would not vote to re-elect Newt Gingrich Speaker "would have been enough to throw the Speaker's gavel to the Democrats." A reading of the House Rules, or of my public statements on the issue, makes clear that this would not have been the case. Rather, a Republican other than Newt Gingrich would have been elected Speaker.

House Rules require the Speaker to be elected by a majority—not just a plurality—of votes. Just six votes for Bob Livingston, or any person other than Newt Gingrich or Dick Gephardt, would have denied anyone the gavel on the first ballot. Until Republicans agreed upon a candidate who could win a majority of the House (218 votes), the ballots would have continued.

Rebellious conservatives in the House used to be criticized for not knowing the intricacies of the House Rules. We took the criticism to heart and we have bold new leadership as a result.

Matt Salmon
Member of Congress [R., Ariz.]
Washington, D.C.

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■ FOR THE RECORD ■

■ *Following criticism of race initiative by* American Indian leaders, President **Clinton** claims he is one-sixteenth Cherokee. White House can't locate ancestor's name, however, and Cherokee Heritage Center genealogist **Tom Mooney** tells *U.S. News & World Report*, "If you lived in Arkansas . . . give it up" because tribe doesn't have roots there. . . . During Ken Starr's Judiciary Committee testimony, Rep. **Barney Frank** (D., Mass.) leaves hearing to exercise in House gymnasium. Rep. **Martin Meehan** (D., Mass.) soon follows: "My job involves a lot more than sitting there listening to Ken Starr all day," Meehan tells *Boston Herald*. . . . Clinton Administration continues refusal to provide plan for "saving Social Security," despite plea from House Ways and Means Committee Chairman **Bill Archer** (R., Tex.) that reform won't happen until it does.

■ **Steve Forbes** wins straw poll of 400 activists at Conservative Leadership Conference, with Texas Gov. **George W. Bush** and Sen. **John Ashcroft** (R., Mo.) nipping his heels. . . . Left-wing *Mother Jones* magazine: "The field of Republican presidential candidates for 2000 is divided between those who are principally committed to moral issues and those who have the mainstream credibility to be elected. Ashcroft is the only candidate who passes both tests." . . . Oklahoma Gov. **Frank Keating** (R.) says Republican presidential and vice presidential nominees in 2000 should be governors. . . . Big GOP losses in New York hurt Gov. **George Pataki**'s chances of winding up on 2000 ticket. **Al Sharpton** (D.), in *New York Post*: "Why would anyone want a no-coattails governor like Pataki on his ticket, when he can't even deliver his own state for his fellow running mates?" . . . Catholic Bishop **Donald Trautman** of Erie, Penn., declares Gov. **Tom Ridge** (R.) unwelcome at church events because of pro-abortion views.

■ **Jesse Jackson** meets with Speaker-in-Waiting **Bob Livingston** (R.), convinces him to participate in Jackson's January 14–15 forum on Wall Street. . . . Rep. **Christopher Cox** (R., Calif.) considers challenge to Sen. **Dianne Feinstein** (D., Calif.) in 2000, transfers $900,000 of Congressional campaign funds to Senate campaign account. "This was just simply to keep the option open," he says. . . . As Sen. **John Chafee** (R., R.I.) announces intention to run for re-election in 2000, Rep. **Patrick Kennedy** (D., R.I.) wins chairmanship of Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee and swears off Senate bid. . . . Price of booking **Newt Gingrich** speech: $50,000, plus three first-class airplane tickets. . . . Rep. **Bobby Rush** (D., Ill.), an ex-Black Panther, announces run for Chicago mayor. . . . *Fortune* survey lists AARP as most powerful lobbying group in Washington.

■ Levi-Strauss plans to erect Christmas tree decorated with condoms in New York for World AIDS Day, but city officials force cancellation. . . . Federal judge rules against Virginia library that screened smutty Internet sites on public computer terminals. . . . Anti-Defamation League survey finds significant drop in anti-Semitic attitudes among Americans, with only 12 per cent accepting anti-Jewish stereotypes. However, more than one-third of blacks hold anti-Semitic views, according to survey. . . . Postal Service plans to issue **Malcolm X** stamp in early 1999. . . . Federal appeals court strikes down race-based admissions at Boston Latin School. . . . National Council of La Raza president **Raul Yzaguirre**: "Most of our community is Catholic and has some reservations about abortion. But we are also, I think, increasingly aware of the importance of taking a secular point of view on this issue and respecting a woman's right to choose."

■ Leadership Institute announces $5 million effort to establish conservative student groups on college campuses. . . . American Council of Trustees and Alumni publishes *The Intelligent Donor's Guide to College Giving*. (For copies, call 1-888-ALUMNI-8). . . . Number of women's studies PhD programs doubles from 3 to 6: Clark University, Emory University, Union Institute (Cincinnati), University of Iowa, University of Minnesota, and University of Washington. Others currently considering: Indiana University, Ohio State University, and the University of Maryland at College Park. . . . Female cadets at Virginia Military Institute allowed on school cheerleading squad for first time. Previously, cheerleaders drawn from ranks of male cadets and women attending local colleges. . . . Rep. **Stephen Horn** (R., Calif.) says at current work rate, State Department will solve Y2K computer problem in 2034. . . . Fox News poll: 40 per cent say U.S. should attempt to assassinate **Saddam Hussein**, up from 33 per cent one year ago.

■ Green Party leader and new German Foreign Minister **Joschka Fischer** tells *Der Spiegel* that Germany will push for NATO to adopt no-first-use nuclear policy. . . . Nearly one in five pregnancies in Australia end in abortion, alarming right-to-life groups Down Under. . . . Zimbabwe President **Robert Mugabe** seizes 841 mainly white-owned farms with compensation to be settled later, further exacerbating food shortage and jeopardizing foreign lending. . . . Japanese housewife **Harumi Kato**, at Clinton town hall meeting in Tokyo: "If that was my husband, I would kill him."

■ Japanese court orders Nagano Olympic Organizing Committee to pay damages of 3,560 yen (approx. $30) for "mental anguish" to sports fan who missed event due to traffic. Committee already had refunded ticket and bus fare, but plans to appeal. "We are worried that this decision may persuade other people on the same bus to sue us," spokesman tells Reuters.

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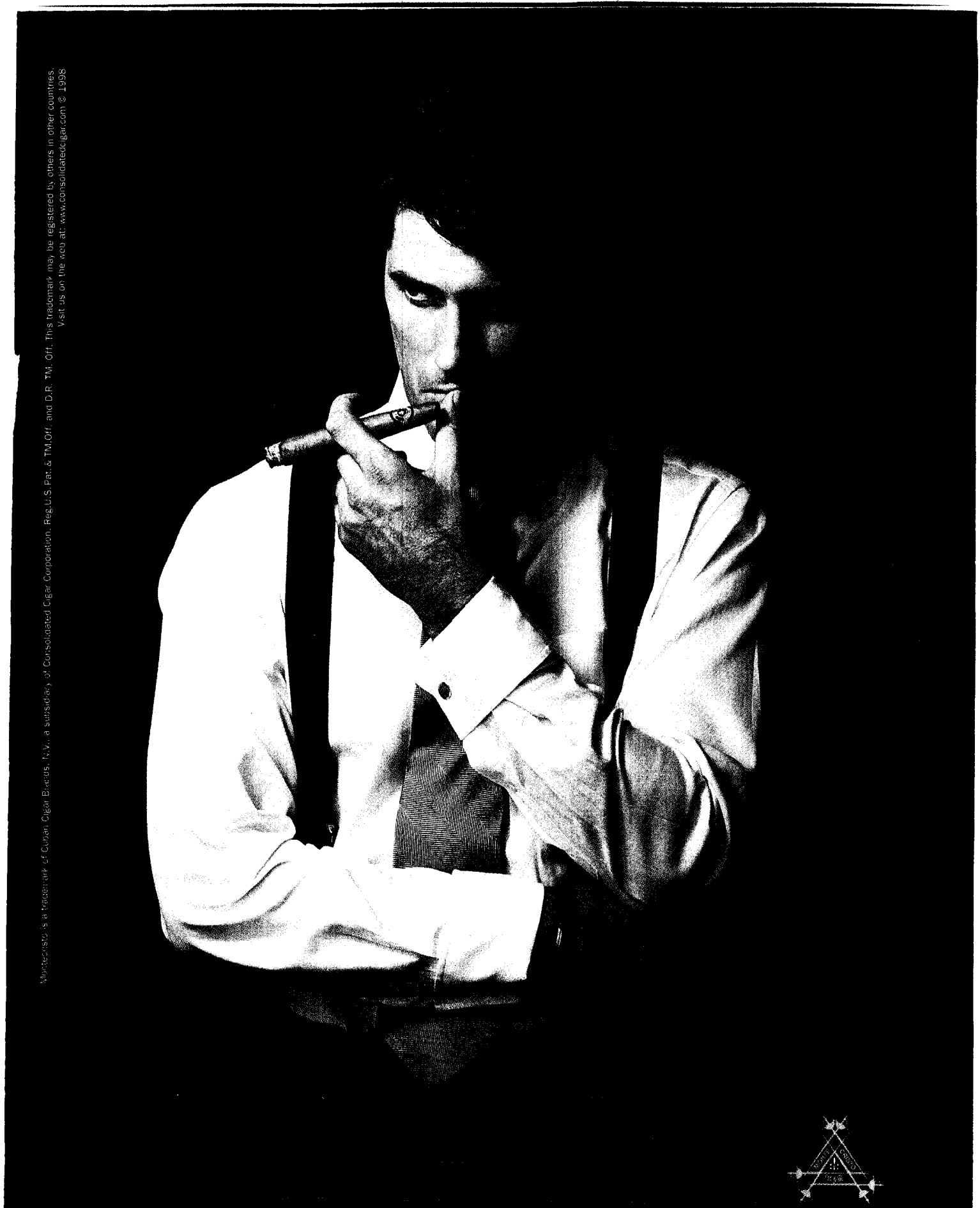

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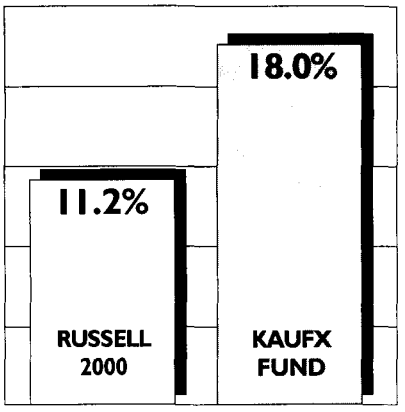

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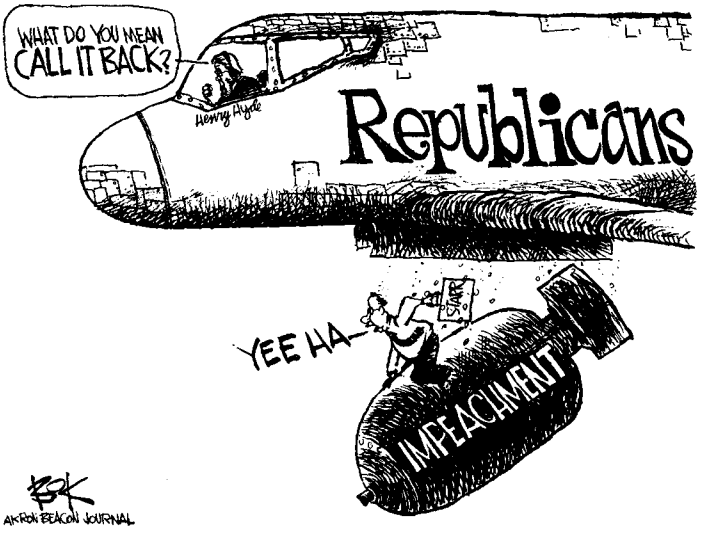
THE WEEK

■ A sculptor named Mihail has created a life-size, anatomically correct elephant for the United Nations. There is sentiment for a gelded version, modeled no doubt on the Republican Party.

■ Kenneth Starr's testimony before the House Judiciary Committee was calm, clear, and judicious. He was miles away from the slavering, censorious prude that the Clinton spin machine and the media have made him out to be. The questions of Clinton lawyer David Kendall and the Democrats (to the extent they can be distinguished) were carping, ill-tempered, and thunderously reticent about the subject under discussion, which is the alleged perjury of their client, Bill Clinton. Those not comatose from battle fatigue—which, alas, is hardly anyone at this point—would have been impressed by Starr's case, and the President's lack of one. History will do them justice, even if Congress doesn't.



■ The historian Sean Wilentz has written a piece for the *Los Angeles Times* making the case against impeachment, on the grounds that Congress failed to impeach Vice President Aaron Burr in 1804, even though he had been indicted for murder after his duel with Alexander Hamilton. But Congress balked not because it doubted the scope of its power to impeach, but because of the status of dueling, a crime which contemporary juries regularly overlooked, on the rare occasions when it was prosecuted. It is heartening to see defenders of the President reduced to arguing that he should get off the hook because he resembles Aaron Burr.

■ In his answers to the House Judiciary Committee's 81 questions, Bill Clinton understandably equivocated about whether or not he is the chief law enforcement officer in the land. Attorney General Janet Reno is apparently having similar doubts about her constitutional role. She now needs another sixty days to decide whether to ask for an independent counsel to investigate Harold Ickes's alleged perjury before Congress. She has also decided not to seek an independent counsel in the case of Al Gore's fundraising calls. The independent-counsel statute leaves Miss Reno little leeway: in any case that could reach top officials in the Administration, she has to ask for an independent counsel if she cannot dismiss the charge. Instead she is walking a legally dubious middle road, conducting an ineffectual investigation of her own to avoid the political fallout of what would be her preferred course: conducting no investigation at all. The *New York Times* says Reno is at risk of becoming "the most politically compromised Attorney General since Watergate." She has already earned an epithet that should be just as damning: Bill Clinton's Attorney General.

■ Pro-abortion Republicans like New Jersey Gov. Christine Todd Whitman are arguing that the elections show that one of them should be on the GOP's next presidential ticket. This is implausible, since pro-lifers had a better election than Republicans did (picking up a governorship, for example, while the GOP lost one). And who would this moderate Republican be? If the purpose of choosing a pro-abortion vice presidential nominee is to court women, it makes little sense to pick Mrs. Whitman, who lost among women in both 1993 and 1997. Gov. George Pataki of New York won handsomely last month, but the Democratic sweep of the other statewide offices, and polls, suggest that he could not carry his state for the GOP. Like Pataki, Pennsylvania Gov. Tom Ridge has been proposed as the first Catholic on a GOP ticket since 1964. But to choose a pro-abortion Catholic would alienate the churchgoing Catholics who are within the GOP's grasp. As if to underscore the point, Ridge's bishop has told him he can no longer address Catholic audiences as long as he flouts Church teaching.

■ As part of the tobacco companies' settlement with the state attorneys general, a few hundred trial lawyers are about to receive what may be the largest per capita wealth transfer

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in American history. Mike Horowitz of the Hudson Institute estimates the total payout at $30–40 billion, with some lawyers getting more than $100,000 for each hour they worked on the case. Lawyers who took real risks are justified in getting contingency fees—$4,000 an hour, say, compared with the $500 an hour the tobacco companies' top lawyers get whether they win or lose. But many of the anti-tobacco lawyers filed suit after the industry had already cried uncle, and after state laws were changed specifically to favor them. In many cases, attorneys general awarded the contracts, without competitive bids, to law firms that contributed to their campaigns. Reporters are looking the other way because the fees are supposedly being paid by the tobacco companies. But this is an accounting fiction: the fees reduce the damages awarded to the states because they come from the same pot of money. Congress would be well within its rights to cap the lawyers' fees while waiving any federal claim to money under the settlement. That would leave most of the ill-gotten gains to the state treasuries—which beats leaving it to the left wing of the Democratic Party.

■ It's the Democrats' move on Social Security. Optimists think President Clinton, seeing a bipartisan deal as his legacy, might sign legislation to allow private investment options. Pessimists think Clinton, seeing President Al Gore as his legacy, will attack the idea. The latest word is that Clinton is leaning toward applying the payroll tax, which currently applies only to the first $68,400 of income, to all wages. This is simply a redistributive tax increase, and one that would at best solve one-fifth of Social Security's fiscal problem. Fresher thinking can be found on the Senate Finance Committee, where Democrats John Breaux (La.), Bob Kerrey (Neb.), and Daniel Patrick Moynihan (N.Y.) are open to private accounts. Chuck Robb (Va.), next in line to join the committee, could cinch a free-market deal—which is why Ted Kennedy (Mass.) wants to block his accession. Kennedy is trying to recruit a liberal with more seniority than Robb for the slot, and is willing to take it himself if necessary. Social Security is sacred to Democrats as a program and useful to them as a political issue. Which will they save?

■ In Connecticut, as in other states and cities, taxpayers are being asked to subsidize some of the richest people in America: owners of sports franchises, and professional athletes. Republican Gov. John Rowland wants to use Connecticut's roughly $300-million tax surplus, along with a few hundred million more, to build a football stadium in Hartford. The goal is to "revitalize" the state's dismal capital by wooing the New England Patriots away from Massachusetts, which had the sense to reject Patriot owner Robert Kraft's demands. The best game plan for Connecticut lawmakers: punt!

■ President Clinton called back the B-52s when Saddam Hussein promised "unconditional" cooperation with the UN inspectors, but the planes had hardly landed before Hussein was back to obstruction. He claims that key documents requested by the inspectors are missing and insists on bypassing the UN inspection team by talking only to the UN Secretariat. Thus Iraq has returned to its pre-October strategy, which is a more clever way of keeping the Clinton Administration off balance than outright confrontation. The weapons inspections, even at best, are a sideshow; the real problem is the nature of the regime that would wield those weapons. America and Britain's stumbling efforts to unify the Iraqi opposition, let's hope, represent a belated recognition of that fact.

Hyde's Last Stand

Spooked by the polls and in disguise
As Barney Frank keeps throwing pies,
His members, fearful over what
Became the fate of Mrs. Lot,
Stare at the floor or straight ahead
While wishing they had stayed in bed.

—W. H. von Dreele

■ Gen. Augusto Pinochet continues to wait while the Blair government decides whether to extradite him to Spain. In all the talk of British justice, international law, and Chilean sentiment, one word has been missing: Communism. For thirty years, Communism tried to take Latin American countries into its orbit. In Chile, it was on the point of succeeding until Gen. Pinochet launched a counterrevolutionary coup. Like Francisco Franco before him, he saved his country from totalitarian dictatorship. And like Franco, he paved the way for democracy. (Fidel Castro, who came to power in Cuba in 1959, is still there.) The thousands of summary executions that accompanied Pinochet's revolt were terrible. So was the firebombing of hundreds of thousands of enemy civilians by the Allies in World War II. But once war or revolution begins, the Rubicon is crossed. Happy is the land that needs no Pinochets. But Chile was happy to have produced one in its hour of need.

■ Tony Blair's government has proposed purging the 1100-member House of Lords of its 750 hereditary peers (the 350 remaining peers are life peers, appointed by the party that controls the House of Commons). Why should a branch of the British constitution be dominated by the descendants of Norman buccaneers and Tudor cronies? Because they are not present-day buccaneers and cronies. Positions earned by mere inheritance leaven government with a class of people who are not motivated by ambition or politics. If New

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Labour will take some advice from the world's senior Republic, they might heed John Dickinson at the Constitutional Convention: "It was not reason that discovered the singular and admirable mechanism of the English constitution. It was not reason that discovered or ever could have discovered the odd . . . mode of trial by jury. Accidents probably produced these discoveries, and experience has given a sanction to them. This is then our guide."

■ Abdullah Ocalan, leader of the Kurdish terrorists who wage war against Turkey, was booted out of Syria in response to Turkish pressure. Ocalan made his way to Italy, where he arrived with a false passport and was promptly arrested. Turkey approached its NATO ally with a request for extradition. But Italy's government, led by ex-Communists and egged on by the new leftist coalition in Germany, not only refused extradition but released Ocalan from prison and entertained his request for political asylum. Thus the "new Europe" demonstrates several of its unsavory features simultaneously: trendy, lefty swooning over radicals, appeasement of terrorism, anti-Turkish prejudice, and politically tendentious interpretations of law.

■ The widow of Alan Paton, the author of the renowned *Cry, the Beloved Country* (1948) and champion of black rule in South Africa, announced recently that she's leaving the country because of its soaring crime rate. "Among my friends, and the friends of my friends, I know of nine people who have been murdered in the past four years," she wrote in an article published in the London *Sunday Times*. Mrs. Paton has herself been hijacked at gunpoint and had armed marauders tie her up and ransack her house. Most recently, two men celebrated her 71st birthday by trying to force their way into her home, one brandishing a hammer. "There is more racial tension in this country than I have ever known," said Mrs. Paton, who wrote that she is glad her husband is not alive to witness this state of affairs. "He would have been so distressed to see what has happened to his beloved country." In South Africa, more tears.

■ The annual Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation summit was held this year in Malaysia, hosted by anti-American crackpot Prime Minister Mahathir Mohamad. Mahathir's latest outrage is to have dismissed and imprisoned his talented deputy prime minister, Dr. Anwar Ibrahim, on trumped-up charges, including sodomy. But it's not about sex: Anwar is a pro-Western free-market democrat whom many had touted as Mahathir's successor. So it was right for Vice President Al Gore to make a plug for the human rights of Malaysians in his speech at Mahathir's official dinner. Some diplomats clucked "inappropriate"—a word that, in a rare exception for the Clinton Administration, does not apply.

■ *USA Today* relates the heroics of the Albuquerque police department. By hiring physical trainers to help women pass physical tests, switching to smaller weapons that better fit women's hands, and tailoring bulletproof vests to conform to women's chests, the Albuquerque police department is 13 per cent female. A lot of other departments aren't so enlightened. The International Association of Chiefs of Police found that nearly 20 per cent of the 800 American police departments it surveyed have no women at all. Of the 17,000 police departments in the U.S., only 123 have female chiefs. The reasons are straightforward: women aren't interested, fail to measure up, or, after a few years, decide they prefer staying at home with their kids. Still, the association urges more aggressive recruitment and the kind of special energy Albuquerque has devoted to keeping women in the ranks. (The energy left over, one supposes, can be used to keep the streets safe.)

■ Actress Meg Ryan, known for playing sweet and innocent women in such romantic comedies as *When Harry Met Sally* and *You've Got Mail*, graces the December issue of *Harper's Bazaar* wearing a leather jacket and a fierce expression. Inside, she poses with her hands inside her jacket, or, alternatively, inside her pants, and rails against those who perceive her as sweet. In real life, she insists, she's not like that *at all*. To prove it, she takes her clothes off, postures lewdly, and is rude to her interviewer, who proceeds to gush, "Real Meg is infinitely more interesting." In the old days, screen sirens were quick to tell us they were virtuous in real life. Now Ryan is hoping that her new role in *Hurlyburly*—in which, *Harper's Bazaar* reports, she has a cameo as "a druggy, well-meaning good-time girl who [performs sex acts] in front of her six-year-old daughter"—will rescue her from her good-girl reputation. Who says shame and stigma are dead?

■ When not gazing at crystals, New Agers wax reverent about the advanced civilization of the Anasazi Indians of

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Proposition 9

YES....27%
NO.....73%

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OPPONENTS OF PROPOSITION 9
(Partial List)

Gray Davis
Dan Lungren
California Taxpayers Association
California Chamber of Commerce
California League of Cities
California Small Business Association
Congress of California Seniors
Greater African-American Chamber of Commerce
California Democratic Party
California Republican Party
California Republican Assembly
Planning and Conservation League
California's Investor-Owned Utilities
Asian Business Association
Coalition of Hispanic Organizations

Paid for by No on 9 Coalition.

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Any Ideas?

The governors are moderates.
The Bush boys own the South.
In Washington, Bob Livingston
Speaks with a centrist mouth.
In Sacramento, it's like when
The Alamo collapsed.
I'd turn to Edmund Burke, but my
Library card has lapsed.

—W. H. von Dreele

Chaco Canyon, N.M., a model of pacifism and refined spirituality that mysteriously disappeared around 1150 A.D. Now comes bad news from *The New Yorker*: according to research by anthropologist Christy Turner, the Anasazi died out from a very bad case of cannibalism. Their society collapsed from the practice among dominant Anasazi of terrorizing underlings by routinely eating them. They probably wore fur, too.

■ A predominantly white Dartmouth fraternity held a closed party with a "ghetto" theme: invitees dressed like "hip-hop gangstas." The event was tasteless, the reaction hysterical. At a community forum entitled "What Is Ghetto?" English professor Bill Cook received a standing ovation for demanding college speech codes in response to the party, explaining that "free speech is the last refuge of scoundrels." And the student government is researching a new curriculum requirement called IRE, for "Identity Race Ethnicity." Finally—a core curriculum.

■ Speaking of gangsta rappers, here at 215 Lexington Avenue, *NR*'s immediate downstairs neighbors are the rap-music magazines *Vibe* and *Blaze*, whose editors lead . . . exciting lives. For even preparing negative reviews of certain rappers, or publishing photos the rappers didn't care to have published, the editors have in their own offices variously been grabbed, thrown to the ground, kicked from behind, and battered with chairs. One rapper pulled a 9-mm. pistol on the editor of *Blaze*. This, by the way, is why we don't review rap albums.

■ Actor Tom Hanks, who gave $10,000 to President Clinton's legal defense fund months ago, then told *The New Yorker* that it would be "awfully hard" for him to give another such gift, now says that he would want to give "twice as much." That's the trouble with real life: every take is a print.

■ AIDS tattoos are hip, reports *Newsweek*, with the HIV-positive stenciling themselves on the arm with "syringes entwined with serpents, the bio-hazard emblem, or an inch-high 'POZ.'" When William F. Buckley Jr. suggested that people who had tested positive for the AIDS virus be marked so as to warn unwitting mates, he was called a fascist. It turns out he was a fashion trendsetter.

■ The President's dog, Buddy, bit the hand of a Marine Corps helicopter pilot. The White House—seriously—blamed the hand.

IMPEACHMENT

Call for Judgment

THE House Judiciary Committee is scheduled to vote on impeachment during the second week of December. The committee will almost certainly approve impeachment on at least one count, perjury. If so, the full House will likely vote on impeachment in a special session the week of December 14. If Republican defectors stay below 12 or so, and Democratic defectors number as many as five, impeachment will narrowly pass.

President Clinton has made its passage more likely with his response to the 81 questions put to him by the Judiciary Committee. He took what navigators in a hundred war flicks call evasive action. On every legally serious point, he adopted the line of his mendacious August 17 television address, in which he called his sworn testimony "legally accurate."

This stubbornness looked like chutzpah, bred by political success—a typical Clinton pattern. But it is also imposed on him by his situation, and his nature. Legally, to admit that he lied might leave him vulnerable to a perjury prosecution. Psychologically, it would require him to recognize the difference between truth and falsehood. Those, like Rep. Paul McHale (D., Penn.) and the *New York Times*, who sincerely support the notion of censure (instead of using it as a convenient dodge) insist that any censure resolution criticize the President for lying under oath. They will surely get no help from the White House in crafting such language.

Supporters of impeachment in the House will come under enormous pressure to do the wrong thing. They will be accused of a "rush to judgment" in a "lame duck" session. Of course, if they left the matter until January, they would be accused of dragging it out. Why wait? We have all the facts, and all the principles, we need to make a decision (even excluding definitive answers about the campaign-finance scandal).

Kenneth Starr has supplied the House with sufficient evidence to conclude that Clinton has committed impeachable offenses. Whether he should be removed from office is a question for the Senate to decide. It is enough for the House that his fitness to remain in office is in serious question. The House should vote to impeach. If the Senate, as expected, leaves Clinton in office, the House's vote will stand as a meaningful form of censure.

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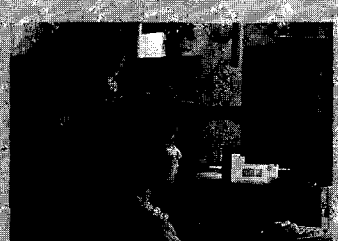
Yesterday, a girl in *Maine* took a *five-minute* bus ride to the Parthenon.



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Members who worry that they will poison the congressional term, ruin themselves for 2000, or go down in history as villains should take heart. This is one vote that must not be viewed through the wrong end of the telescope. Bill Clinton would go into the encyclopedias with Andrew Johnson. Johnson's impeachment, popular at the time, has looked worse and worse as we have moved away from it. Clinton's, however, would follow the opposite trajectory. He might blithely finish out his term, but the future would endorse the House's judgment of his lies.

TAXES

Number Crunch

NOBODY is more responsible for the Republicans' disappointing showing in 1998—not Newt Gingrich, not Trent Lott—than Sen. Pete Domenici (R., N.M.). It was Domenici, the chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, who kept tax cuts from passing the Senate. His longstanding antipathy to tax cuts is usually attributed to his worries about the deficit; but these worries are not much in evidence when it comes to spending the money. Domenici is a pre-Reagan Republican. If there were any justice in Washington, the elections would have cost him his chairmanship.

Instead, Republicans are poised to let Domenici neuter them again, by letting him pick the next head of the Congressional Budget Office. For years, the CBO has hindered Republican tax-cutting efforts by overestimating how much revenues would be reduced by tax cuts. The CBO refuses to acknowledge that tax cuts would increase growth, which raises revenues—which is to say, it assumes the failure of Republican policies. The CBO's consistent underestimation of revenues also makes it harder to cut taxes. (In September 1997, the CBO projected a $57-billion deficit for 1998; it turned out to be a $70-billion surplus.)

A reformist CBO chief could tackle these big problems, but smaller improvements would also go far to help the cause of good policy. The CBO could stipulate that revenues will grow at least as fast as the economy (they grow faster, but the CBO assumes they grow more slowly). The CBO could scrap its Keynesian superstition that unemployment cannot go "too low" for long without triggering inflation; by assuming a long-term unemployment rate of 5.8 per cent, it underestimates revenues and overestimates spending.

At least two candidates for the CBO job could be counted on to move in the right direction. J. D. Foster, chief economist of the Tax Foundation, is a supply-sider with wide credibility. Patricia Woodworth has crunched budget numbers for former Florida Gov. Bob Martinez, Michigan's John Engler, and (in his early, low-spending days) New York's George Pataki. While not a down-the-line supply-sider, she understands that the difficulty of estimating the dynamic effects of tax cuts does not justify assuming there are none. Sen. Domenici, however, favors Dan Crippen, a former aide to Howard Baker and no tax-cutter.

The party of small government cannot win a stable majority without reclaiming the tax issue. Whether Lott—who by law has the final say—accedes to Domenici will be an early sign of whether the GOP has learned anything from the last election.

EUTHANASIA

Dressed to Kill

JACK Kevorkian—it seems blasphemous to call him "Dr.," unless one does it in a Swiftian spirit, as when writing of "Dr." Mengele—gave a fatal injection to Thomas Youk, a 52-year-old suffering from Lou Gehrig's disease. The deed was broadcast on *60 Minutes*.

The spectacle raises two issues, one old and one new. The old one is the question of Kevorkian's character. It has long been evident that the man is in thrall to a vice—a lust to witness death and dying, so long as the conditions that he finds stimulating (the helplessness and the nominal compliance of the victim, and the medical veneer of his own role) are met. Mr. Youk's case seemed to be new, because Kevorkian himself gave the lethal drug, rather than enable the patient to administer it. In fact, Mr. Youk could have tripped a final switch—he was able to sign two documents giving Kevorkian permission to kill him—while the free will of Kevorkian's many prior victims was compromised by his encouragement of their despair. Kevorkian has been murdering people for years; he has only found a new m.o.

The new issue is the judgment of *60 Minutes*, which made its snuff film from footage supplied by Kevorkian. Why? If the program had put its own cameras in the death chamber, it would have gotten higher-quality film and might have given the departed a little thrill of celebrity as he passed over. *60 Minutes* defended itself by quoting polls that showed viewer approval. But CBS used to pride itself on its own supposedly exalted standards. A venerable show has made itself an accomplice to a murderous farce.

Lovefest in New Orleans

They came to touch George W.,
Whom some say could have carried
A third of northern Mexico
If he were still unmarried.
Trent Lott flew down from Washington;
The governors were drooling,
But something in his manner makes
My eyeballs glaze. No fooling.

—W. H. von Dreele

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■ **Dear Mr. Buckley:**
Since we share the same first name, thought you might find some humor in this: Last week I was checking out some groceries at our small town store, and noticed that the attractive young check-out clerk had a tag indicating her name to be "Monica." Being a smart-ass, I couldn't resist saying, "Gee, guess Monica's not too great a name to have this year, is it?" She never missed a beat, looked up, and said dryly, "Neither is Bill."

Bill Watson
St. Joseph, La.

■ **Dear Bill:**
Two years ago, you published a piece I had written concerning the injustice that had been done to T. S. Eliot in his home town of St. Louis. Essentially, the city had pretty much forgotten that he was its most famous literary native son.

I had been told that Eliot's name appeared inside a star on a literary "walk of fame" and that a memorial bas-relief sculpture honoring him hung in the city's main library. I found the Eliot plaque, dirty and covered with grime, outside a little deli. I also found the library sculpture: it was inside a locked reading room in the basement, a room that could be entered only with special permission.

So I helped restart an effort to honor and memorialize properly the man *Time* magazine just this year called the most important poet of the twentieth century. The efforts proved fruitful because of a lot of hard work and time on the part of people living in St. Louis, and also because NATIONAL REVIEW helped publicize the problem.

Here is the fruit that has ripened: two beautifully rendered plaques have now been dedicated in St. Louis, one at the site of Eliot's birthplace and the other where his parents lived in later years and where he famously visited, *Life* magazine in tow, in the early Sixties. Both memorials will be listed in the official Literary Landmarks Register. A gorgeous bronzed bas-relief plaque, designed by California artist Alfred Schwartz, was officially unveiled and dedicated on October 31.

Russell Kirk wrote that St. Louis had forgotten Eliot in the way that the post-modern world had seemed to forget the centrality of Eliot's love of Western culture and love of God. But things come full circle. Somehow, the words on the plaque seem more appropriate than ever (they are from "Little Gidding"):

> We shall not cease from exploration
> And the end of all our exploring
> Will be to arrive where we started
> And know the place for the first time.

Warmly,
Tim [Goeglein]
Press Secretary for Sen. Dan Coats
Washington, D.C.

Tim:
Three cheers, belatedly, for St. Louis. Glad to have had a hand in it all.
Cordially, Bill

■ **Dear Mr. Buckley:**
Perhaps you could forward the following, rather straightforward question to WJC: "Dear Mr. President: While using your own definition, if the Dean of Stanford University had an 'inappropriate relationship' with your daughter of the type you have admitted, should the Dean remain in his office of high responsibility?"

I rest my case.

Sincerely,
Christian Patte
Maj. Gen., USA Ret.
Charleston, S.C.

Dear General Patte:
Glad to forward along your question to POTUS.
Cordially, WFB

■ **Dear Mr. Buckley:**
Only you can help me sleep again nights.

Consider this by Florence King in your October 12 issue: "Now everybody's gotta right to look deeply into theirself." Shouldn't it be *himself* or at the very least *themselves*? Or has Miss King succumbed to the fear of being considered sexist when you use *himself* to include both males and females? For two nights I have pondered the grammar and the political correctness.

Help, please.

Very truly yours,
George C. Gross
Brimfield, Mass.

Dear Mr. Gross:
Two points, the first is that the great King was using the vernacular, as witness "theirself." The second is that modern usage glides over the comprehensive male neuter gender, even to the point of disparate subjects and pronouns. What is generally counseled is simply avoiding the problem, which could be done in this case by, "People gotta right to look deeply into themselves." That, of course, is sheer evasion. Like a deposition by Clinton. To be avoided, but it is not an impeachable offense. Nothing Queen King does is impeachable.
Cordially, WFB

■ **Dear Mr. Buckley:**
Please settle an argument. I would "compare" similarities and "contrast" differences. Is this correct? There are others who tell me I can compare dissimilar things.

Respectfully,
W. N. Schoen
Twentynine Palms, Calif.

Dear Mr. Schoen:
You could compare the dissimilarities, I'd think. Jane, unlike her mother, is very outgoing. So is her cousin Jack, unlike his own mother. But their dissimilarities aren't to be compared with one another. Jane would give you her shirt; Jack, not much more than the time of day. Dear Mr. Schoen, I wonder if I am in over my head? But you get the point. I should add that there is also a contrast between Jane and Jack, she being more generous than he.
Cordially,

—WFB

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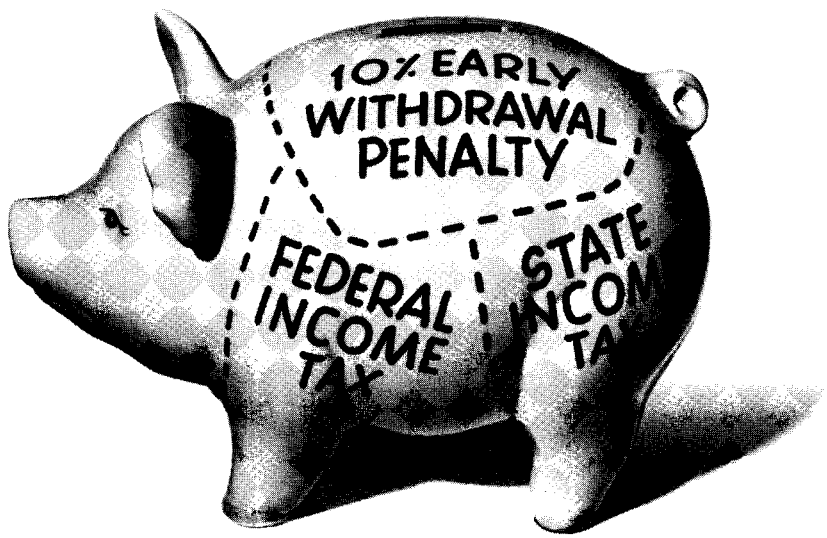

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■ CAMPAIGN 2000 ■

Bush's League

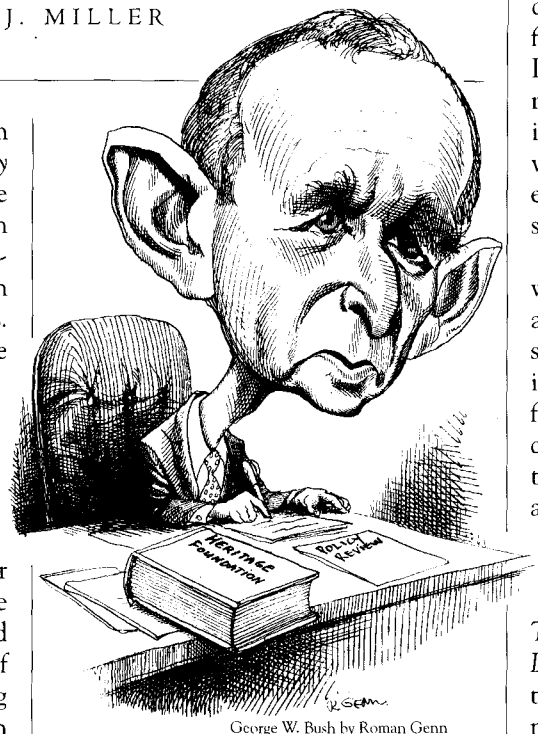
How George W. Bush woos the Right.

JOHN J. MILLER

THE night after the election, William Bennett recommended on *Larry King Live* that "everybody in the Republican Party" talk to the Bush brothers, whose success running for governor in Texas and Florida stood out on an otherwise dismal day for Republicans. Watching from his home outside Milwaukee, Michael Joyce, head of the influential Bradley Foundation, agreed. "Your insight is absolutely on target," he wrote on November 6 in a four-page letter to Bennett. Joyce then promised financial support if Bennett's Empower America wanted to sponsor "a major conference . . . helping the Bushes refine their themes with the best advice and counsel available from the stable of experts that Bradley has been nurturing over the years." Bennett, through an intermediary, said he was up for it.

Two weeks later, Joyce received a handwritten note from George W. Bush. "Dear Mike," it started (though the two don't really know each other). "I read with interest and pride your letter . . . [and] would attend a conference highlighting the 'new citizenship' and how we can change America." Joyce didn't know how Bush had come across the letter (a Bennett aide passed it along to a Bush advisor), but was impressed with its implications. Bush's father had built a career by sending personal notes to world leaders, GOP donors, and others. Yet Joyce, who plays a vital role in funding the modern conservative movement, never received one from the elder Bush. Here was the son employing the same useful habit, but keeping a different address book.

Joyce's isn't the only name in it. Over the last several years, Bush has quietly courted conservative intellectuals through



George W. Bush by Roman Genn

the mail and in a series of private meetings. It's an overstatement to call these conservatives advisors—some have met with him only once—but they clearly represent the beginnings of a brain trust. Among those making a pilgrimage to Austin, at the governor's request, have been Linda Chavez, president of the Center for Equal Opportunity; David Horowitz of the Center for the Study of Popular Culture; Myron Magnet of the Manhattan Institute's *City Journal*; Father Richard John Neuhaus; *World* editor Marvin Olasky (who is a neighbor, teaching at the University of Texas at Austin); and writer James Q. Wilson of UCLA. Others, such as crime expert John DiIulio and historian Gertrude Himmelfarb, have not met with Bush personally (despite standing invitations) but have influenced him through their books and articles.

All of these persons are conservative social-policy experts, and most of them have been linked to what was once called neoconservatism. Bush will need their help if he runs for President in 2000. "Successful candidates all must do one thing: talk to the idea people," says the Hoover Institution's Martin Anderson, who set up task forces of conservative intellectuals for Ronald Reagan before the 1980 election. "It sounds like Bush is in the first phase of doing that." Although most of the Republican presidential field routinely gives speeches at friendly redoubts such as the Cato Institute and the Heritage Foundation, none is approaching right-wing thinkers in the same one-by-one fashion as Bush, who by flattery and genuine intellectual engagement is making them a hidden strength of his candidacy.

The process of assembling this team—whose members often aren't aware of one another as Bush's quasi-advisors—began several years ago, when Bush was preparing to challenge Democrat Ann Richards for the Texas governorship. Bush had decided to run his 1994 campaign on themes of individual responsibility set against the values of the counterculture.

In 1993, Karl Rove, Bush's political impresario, slipped him a copy of Myron Magnet's just-published book, *The Dream and the Nightmare: The Sixties' Legacy to the Underclass*, which sold fewer than 15,000 copies in hardcover and is now out of print.

Magnet's book had a galvanizing effect on Bush, helping him think through a set of ideas and issues the Texan had only started to consider. Magnet convinced him that the country's biggest challenges weren't economic, but cultural. *The Dream and the Nightmare* made the case that the problems plaguing the underclass have mainly to do with values, and that reckless attitudes forged in the 1960s about sex, family structure, and drug use decimated the weakest members of society.

Last year, Bush invited Magnet to Austin, where the two met privately for several hours. Bush told Magnet that he had related personally to *The Dream and the Nightmare* because he was a veteran of the 1960s himself and had performed an ethical re-evaluation of his own life. He bought copies for his entire senior staff. "I was hugely impressed with him," says Magnet. "He clearly believes in the power of ideas." A key paragraph in one of

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Bush's stump speeches on personal responsibility is essentially a restatement of Magnet's thesis.

Bush received a handsome payback this summer. *City Journal* (Magnet's magazine) ran a glowing article on the governor. Then in October, the Manhattan Institute (which publishes *City Journal*)

■

Here is the son employing his father's habit of sending personal notes—but keeping a different address book.

■

distributed a twenty-page memo featuring three positive articles on Bush from *The Economist*, *The New York Times Magazine*, and the *Washington Post*. The Manhattan Institute regularly sends out clips that highlight the organization's role in shaping public policy, but this mailing was different. One of the articles in the package mentioned that Bush had read Magnet's book, and another made a glancing reference to the *City Journal* piece. But they were largely about Bush, and might have come from his campaign office.

While Magnet calls himself an enthusiastic Bush-for-President man, other members of the inchoate advisory club are more cautious. "It's too soon for that," says Neuhaus, "although I see some promise." All of them, however, walk away impressed that Bush combines serious conservative principle with a winning personality. "I like him for two reasons," says Chavez. "First, he talks about issues few politicians talk about, and he does it with some sophistication. Second, he can do it in a warm and appealing way. He makes a good sales pitch."

Sometimes Bush meets his guests in the governor's mansion ("Right out of *Gone with the Wind*," says Magnet), and other times he meets them at his office in the Texas capitol, where he surrounds himself with baseball memorabilia. To break the ice, Bush likes to joke, "You just want to meet me because I have a famous mother." He is easygoing, quick witted, and willing to listen. "Some politicians think they have to make me relax because I'm black," says Robert Woodson of the National Center for Neighborhood Enterprise. "Bush treats me like a regular person and goes right to the issues."

Woodson won his audience with Bush in 1995 after arranging a protest in San Antonio over a renegade state agency that had tried to shut down a faith-based drug-rehabilitation program. Bush quickly took care of the problem. Since then, the governor has worked to tap the potential of religious groups as social-service providers (which he describes briefly in a short piece for the November/December issue of *Policy Review*).

Bush is not afraid to spar with his guests; he made clear to Chavez, for instance, that he does not share her opposition to bilingual education. Yet there is generally a lot of agreement. Often the discussions turn to illegitimacy, with a special emphasis on teenage pregnancy. Reading James Q. Wilson's work, according to Rove, helped convince Bush to make this one of his signature issues. Bush constantly touts group homes for unwed teenage mothers. "This is one of the things that really pleases me about the governor," says Wilson. "Politicians do not systematically seek out advice from writers. When they do, it's easy to be impressed."

In addition to Magnet's book, Bush has read and admired Wilson's *The Moral Sense* and *On Character*, Himmelfarb's *The Demoralization of Society*, and Olasky's *The Tragedy of American Compassion*. Earlier this year, he also read Paul Johnson's mammoth *History of the American People*, and with Rove kept a running list of Johnson's minor mistakes (there are many, in what is otherwise a grand book). In the December books issue of *The American Spectator*, Bush recommends Magnet and another work, Robert Samuelson's *The Good Life and Its Discontents* (along with *The Very Hungry Caterpillar*, which he reports was one of his daughters' favorites).

Bush is not limiting himself to social policy. In recent months, he has held closed-door discussions on foreign affairs with former Defense Secretary Dick Cheney, former National Security Council aide Condoleezza Rice, former Secretary of State George Shultz, and Paul Wolfowitz of Johns Hopkins University's School of Advanced International Studies. In January, he is scheduled to meet with the Competitive Enterprise Institute's Fred Smith on environmental and regulatory policy.

And he wants to expand his base. Last fall, he met David Horowitz for the first time. "I knew he had read my book *Destructive Generation* [co-written by Peter Collier] because he had referred to it in some of his speeches," says Horowitz. "But I wasn't expecting the call." It came from Rove, and offered Horowitz a private get-together with the governor and his top staff. Afterwards, the pair started to correspond, and this spring Horowitz sponsored a major speech by Bush to Hollywood elites, in which he stressed the importance of abstinence. During the speech, Horowitz nearly panicked. "Right message, wrong crowd," he says.

In the end, however, Bush—the current darling of the coming GOP presidential field—received a standing ovation. He has not yet won similar raves from conservative intellectuals, or at least those he hasn't met. But perhaps that's because he is only starting to speak to them. **NR**

"On second thought, let's gather."

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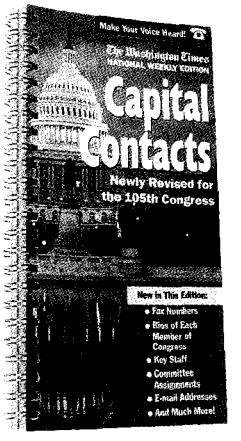

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■ RACIAL POLITICS ■

Minority Party

Minority outreach is not the answer for the GOP.

RAMESH PONNURU

AFTER the campaign comes the campaign to define its meaning. The party would have done better, says the advice-giver, if it had been more . . . like the advice-giver. Since the GOP was disappointed this time out, it has fallen to its factions to enact this dance. But while they disagree on much—Was the party too frightening or too milquetoast? Too obsessed with impeachment or too indifferent to it?—on one point they are remarkably united: the Republican Party needs to do more to attract minorities. Said Arizona Senator John McCain, "The new Republican Party, if it is to be successful in future elections, must be a party of inclusion."

One reason for the breadth of this consensus may be that it is correct. Black voters' revulsion at the GOP hurt the party badly on Nov. 3. It is the reason Democrats held all the Midwestern seats Republicans had targeted. It is the reason Democrats control 17 of 22 state legislatures in the South—supposedly the modern GOP's heartland. And it is the reason Roy Barnes was able to get elected Governor of Georgia without clearing 40 per cent of the state's white voters. In South Carolina, if David Beasley had won 25 rather than 6 per cent of blacks' votes, he would not be moving out of the governor's mansion.

If current patterns of voting and immigration continue, Republicans face inevitable decline. Without support from minorities, they will again become a minority themselves. On the other hand, if Republicans raise their share of minorities' votes, the Democrats might as well close up shop. Republican outreach to minorities is also a moral and civic imperative: it is worrisome that our political fault lines coincide with our racial ones. A party that seeks to lead the nation must be understood to have the interests of the whole nation in mind. A substantial number of white suburban voters also probably need reassurance on this point before they will vote Republican.

So what else is new? It's been clear that Republicans should try to attract black and Hispanic voters for some time. And a lot of Republicans know it. South Carolina Senate candidate Bob Inglis explicitly repudiated the Nixon-era Southern strategy in his race this year. Maryland gubernatorial candidate Ellen Sauerbrey visited black churches and cultivated black elected leaders like Baltimore Mayor Kurt Schmoke. In Florida, the site of a serious and open rift between black and white Democrats, Republican Jeb Bush spoke constantly about the problems of the inner cities and the need for a conservative urban agenda to combat them. Inglis and Sauerbrey lost while Bush won big—but all three got crushed among black voters.

When it comes to black voters, Republicans have the will; they just don't know the way. Sauerbrey's case illustrates the obstacles in their path. Her opponent, incumbent Gov. Parris Glendening, ran a demagogic campaign blasting Sauerbrey as an extremist foe of civil rights; the fact that the "civil-rights bill" she had opposed concerned sexual harassment and was killed by Democrats went unmentioned. Similar tactics were used across the country. As conservative strategist Don Devine remarked in a post-election memo, "In plain English, Democrats used racist fear-mongering to panic [African-Americans] to believe that Republicans would put them back into segregation. No GOP appeal to blacks can survive that irresponsibility, one that Democrats will use with impunity because they know the media will let them get away with it, and even broadcast it for them."

These tactics work because they reinforce existing attitudes—dare one say stereotypes?—among blacks. Those attitudes have ample historical grounding, but have hardened into something approaching hysteria—and, at times, a racial chauvinism with a partisan cast. This year's Illinois Senate race pitted black Democrat Carol Moseley-Braun against white Republican Peter Fitzgerald. Polls showed whites overwhelmingly considered Fitzgerald more ethical than Moseley-Braun. By similar margins, blacks said the opposite. This is evidence not just of an alarming racial gap in perception, but of a black flight from reality: Moseley-Braun's tenure practically consisted of a series of ethical disasters, while Fitzgerald had stood up to his party when he considered it corrupt.

The black alliance with Democrats is based not just on history and emotion, but on practical interests. A bloc of white voters who otherwise shared blacks' demographic characteristics—

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When it comes to black voters, Republicans have the will; they just don't have the way.

■

their rate of employment in the public sector, their illegitimacy ratio, their average net worth—would lean heavily Democratic. Black elites, meanwhile, believe that their immediate interests are served by preferences, and by the political party most clearly committed to them. Black support for the GOP might creep up, but there probably won't be a breakthrough until blacks' material interests change—perhaps as a result of policy changes like the repeal of racial preferences—or until Republicans attain a stable majority. The Catch-22 is that neither is likely to happen without such a breakthrough.

It's almost forgivable, then, that Republicans are reduced every two years to hoping that blacks stay home on Election Day. Republican strategist Ed Gillespie successfully urged congressional leaders to back off racial preferences during the 1997–98 election cycle precisely to avoid provoking high black turnout. Between elections, they cast about for black Republicans to showcase. Oklahoma Rep. J. C. Watts, just elected to the House leadership, is but the latest. He had better be prepared for a liberal campaign to destroy him, as against Clarence

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Pendleton, Bill Lucas, and Clarence Thomas before him.

Recognizing these difficulties, the GOP is turning its attention to Hispanics as potentially "the Republican minority." According to the condescending prattle now in fashion, they are natural Republicans because they believe in the conservative values of work, family, and religion (something they have in common with a majority of people in world history). And the only thing keeping them from reaching this happy conclusion is the GOP's occasional penchant for attacking immigrants.

The first thing to be said about this conventional wisdom is that targeting Hispanics is no substitute for courting blacks. Hispanics may outnumber blacks in America within a decade. But as analyst David Bositis notes, blacks will outnumber Hispanics among *voters* for at least a quarter-century. And Hispanics, unlike blacks, are concentrated in a few states—Texas and California account for three-quarters of them.

Dan Lungren, the Republicans' candidate for governor of California this year, was supposedly done in by incumbent Republican Gov. Pete Wilson's divisive policies on immigration, even though Lungren did not support these policies—e.g., he opposed the initiative banning bilingual education. (Yet when Lungren was to Wilson's right, as on abortion, the candidate of course had only himself to blame. The conventional wisdom is nothing if not supple.) The trouble with this story line is that Wilson, well, won big in 1994. He did better than Lungren among Hispanics, even after a somewhat crude campaign against public benefits for immigrants (Proposition 187). And whatever Hispanic votes Wilson may have lost, evidently he made them up among other voters. A vote's a vote, no matter the skin color.

Toward both blacks and Hispanics, Republicans have adopted the misleading mantra of "inclusion." Confusingly, "inclusive" is the same word socially liberal Republicans use to distinguish themselves from allies to their right. As such, it sneakily blurs the distinction between racial and social moderation. The implication that moving left on social issues like abortion and homosexuality would make the GOP more appealing to blacks and Hispanics is belied by the fact that these groups are to the right of whites on those very issues. Does our political class really need to be reminded that a lot of Hispanics are pro-life Catholics? Apparently so.

Minorities, in any case, might turn out to be the least of Republicans' problems. In their attempts at "minority outreach," Republicans tend to emphasize helping the urban poor. But Clinton Democrats have been eroding the Republican base in white suburbia. Nowhere is this inversion of the politics of the last three decades more clear than in the debate over school choice. Confronted by the reasonable fears of white suburban parents—white suburban *Republican* parents, no less—conservatives have reacted with disdain and insinuations of racism and "elitism." This is the way liberal Democrats used to look at what quickly stopped being their white ethnic base. Republicans are losing touch with the suburban middle class and the white working class. No amount of minority outreach will fix that. **NR**

■ **THE ENVIRONMENT** ■

Greenbacks

Businesses see profits in the Kyoto treaty.

JONATHAN H. ADLER

WHEN some businesses consider the UN global-warming treaty, known as the Kyoto Protocol, and what it would mean for them if adopted by the United States, they see red. The treaty would require dramatic cuts in the use of fossil fuels. Conventional estimates place the costs of implementing the treaty at over $100 billion per year in the U.S. alone. A new study by the Energy Information Administration estimates that it could increase retail electricity prices anywhere from 20 to 80 per cent.

But still other companies—in a development that may bode ill for treaty opponents—see green, green as in profits. Joseph Romm, an energy consultant who once oversaw alternative-energy programs at the Energy Department, had glad tidings for members of the Energy Efficient Building Association at a recent Washington, D.C., conference. "It's going to be great business for everyone at this conference," Romm said of the treaty. "By 2010, climate change will be driving every major energy-related investment." And that, he explained, creates great economic opportunities for EEBA members and other companies producing "green" products.

Romm is not alone in predicting tremendous profits from the Kyoto Protocol. In recent months, several Fortune 500 firms have come out in favor of immediate action to curb greenhouse gas emissions, despite lingering scientific uncertainty about the threat of global warming and clear indications that emission controls will entail substantial costs to consumers. British Petroleum, one of the world's largest petroleum companies, resigned from the anti-Protocol Global Climate Coalition and called upon industry to play a "positive and responsible part in identifying solutions." Honeywell CEO Michael Bonsignore likewise proclaimed that industry "can't sit back and wait for the perfect, obvious solution to present itself" and must instead begin to act.

Earlier this year, the Pew Charitable Trusts launched the Center for Climate Change to bolster support for greenhouse gas controls. Recognizing the political value of getting business leaders to support new regulatory measures, the Center, in one of its first actions, created the Business Environmental Leadership Council. In addition to Honeywell and BP, Council members include Enron, United Technologies, International Paper, 3M, and DuPont. The Council hails the Kyoto Protocol as a "first step in the international process" and is already receiving wide media attention.

The novelty of open corporate support for a greenhouse treaty has not escaped Washington's punditocracy, some of whom believe the trend makes passage of a treaty inevitable. Companies such as Enron and BP are revered as models of the new corporate citizen who places the

Mr. Adler is senior director of environmental policy at the Competitive Enterprise Institute and editor of *The Costs of Kyoto* (CEI, 1997).

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THE Weekend

The event formerly known as Dark Ages

December 30, 1998 - January 2, 1999

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Sen. Fred Thompson
Sen. Rick Santorum
Sen. Gordon Smith
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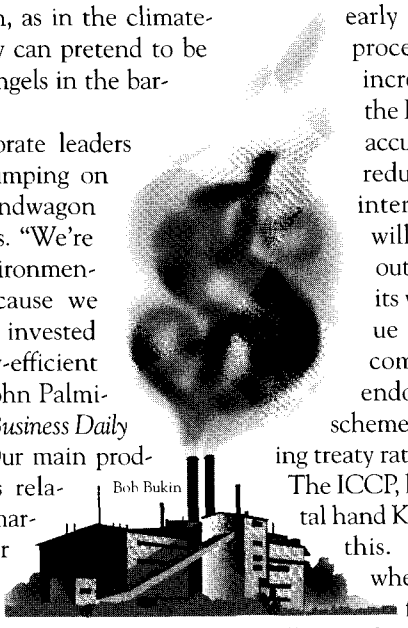
demands of ecological sustainability ahead of revenues, profits—and shareholders. *Washington Post* editorial writer Fred Hiatt recently celebrated that corporate change of heart and chastised firms such as General Motors that insist on "retrogade" opposition.

Yet the companies that Hiatt celebrates are hardly acting out of enlightened concern for the earth. As Clemson economist Bruce Yandle notes, "Actions that might be seen as attempts by industries to restrict output and raise rivals' costs . . . are encouraged rather than frowned upon in the name of global environmental protection." Of course, there is nothing new about corporations' seeking to use government regulations to secure greater business at consumer expense. For years, many corporations have sought to turn government intervention in the economy to their benefit. All the better when, as in the climate-change debate, they can pretend to be on the side of the angels in the bargain.

Yet not all corporate leaders pretend they are jumping on the greenhouse bandwagon for altruistic reasons. "We're a beneficiary of environmental regulations because we have for a long time invested in providing energy-efficient services," Enron's John Palmisano told *Investor's Business Daily* earlier this year. "Our main product, natural gas, is relatively clean. This market is emerging for technologies not just because of Kyoto but also because of domestic regulations and regulations worldwide."


Bob Bukin

Enron is a member of the Business Council for Sustainable Energy (BCSE), a group of alternative-energy companies and associations that would benefit from tighter government controls on the emissions of carbon dioxide and other greenhouse gases. Emission controls would hit coal and petroleum hard, forcing consumers to switch to cleaner—and substantially more expensive—alternatives. Other BCSE members, such as Honeywell, see in emission controls the opportunity to market energy-efficiency technologies and controls.

Companies that do not stand to profit from the Kyoto Protocol are still hedging their bets to ensure a "place at the table" if and when the United States begins to issue new emission-control regulations. A General Motors official pledged that the company would "constructively address the global-climate issue" while still opposing the Kyoto Protocol and higher fuel-economy standards. Similarly, many companies that are lukewarm about the treaty are endorsing a proposal by the International Climate Change Partnership (ICCP)—a business group devoted to finding a middle ground with environmentalists—to grant credits to firms that reduce emissions before the treaty is in place. Senators Joseph Lieberman (D., Conn.), John Chafee (R., R.I.), and Connie Mack (R., Fla.) are pushing a bill to the same effect.

Yet corporate America cannot have it both ways. To endorse credits for early action is to endorse a process that is designed to increase political support for the Kyoto treaty. As companies accumulate credits for emission reductions, their pecuniary interest in treaty ratification will increase. After all, without a climate treaty, the credits will have no economic value at all. Whether the companies realize it or not, endorsing the ICCP's credit scheme is tantamount to endorsing treaty ratification.

The ICCP, headed by old environmental hand Kevin Fay, is clearly aware of this. During the debate over whether to phase out chlorofluorocarbons, Fay ran the Alliance for Responsible Atmospheric Policy. Throughout the early 1980s, the Alliance steadfastly fought the proposed Montreal Protocol on grounds that the scientific case against CFCs had yet to be made and that a phase-out would be unduly expensive.

Then suddenly, in 1986, the Alliance switched sides and endorsed limits on CFCs, even though scientific uncertainty remained. With their patents on CFCs expired, Alliance members, including, most important, DuPont, were facing a new blast of competition in the CFC market—unless, of course, there were a ban on CFCs entirely. That, in turn, would create a dramatic demand for CFC substitutes, a potentially more lucrative product that DuPont was already well on its way to making. Once the Alliance switched sides, opposition to the Montreal Protocol collapsed and ratification became inevitable.

Whether the climate-change debate will be a replay of this remains to be seen, but it seems likely. Speaking of the ICCP's corporate membership, Kevin Fay told the *Washington Post* that these companies have "made the turn"—which is really just another way of saying that they have re-evaluated their business interests. **NR**

■ **ABROAD** ■

Black Russians

The mob makes a bid to rule Russia.

DAVID SATTER

THE murder of a Russian politician, Galina Starovoitova, Russia's leading female deputy and an unbending champion of democracy, demonstrates that Russian gangsters, having amassed huge commercial holdings, are now determined to use terror to acquire political power. Perhaps more important, her murder in the hallway of her apartment building in St. Petersburg also demonstrates the absurdity of the claim advanced by Russia's "young reformers" that once Russia's gangsters amassed their capital, they would evolve into normal businessmen and begin obeying the law.

Russia today is in a state of legal anarchy. The government operates like a business in which official decisions are not deliber-

Mr. Satter, the author of *Age of Delirium: The Decline and Fall of the Soviet Union* (Knopf), is a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute and a visiting scholar at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies.

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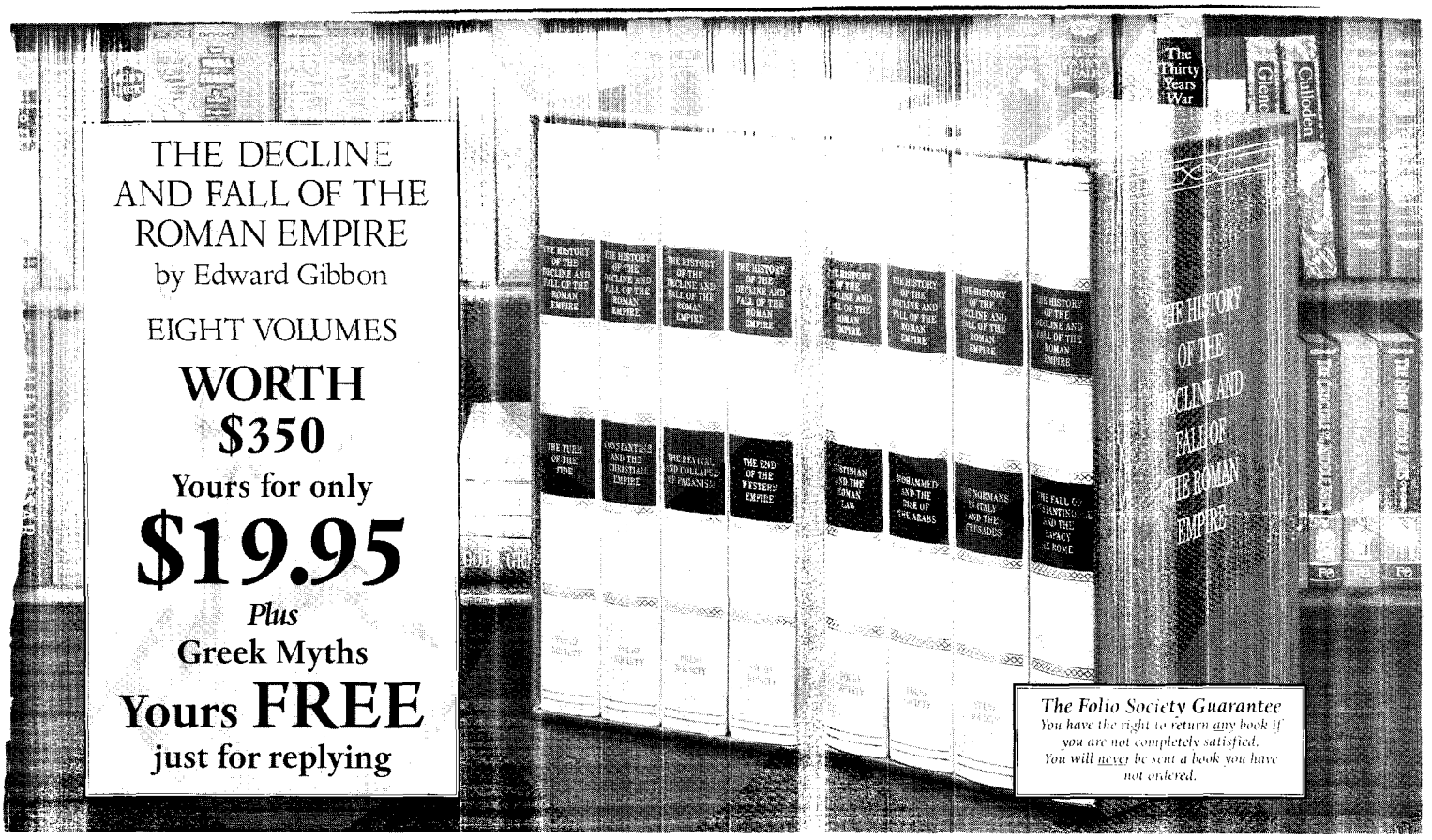
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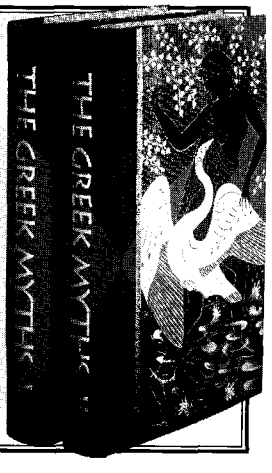

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ated but sold; businesses use the methods of criminals, bribing officials and eliminating competition; criminals pretend to legitimacy; and ordinary citizens live in fear, convinced that they cannot count on the slightest protection from the law.

In the first days after Starovoitova's murder, Russian politicians took advantage of the situation to try to settle scores. Anatoly Chubais, who directed the corrupt privatization process, said that Starovoitova had stood in the way of "Communists and gangsters." Not to be outdone, the Communist speaker of the Duma, Gennady Seleznyev, said that the murder could have been useful to "democratic extremists."

Crime has eaten into the fabric of Russia to such an extent that it may prove impossible to overcome it.

In fact, the weight of the evidence is that Starovoitova died not because of her well-known opposition to the Communists but because of her courage in resisting organized crime in St. Petersburg.

Several months before her death, Starovoitova predicted to colleagues that there would be shooting in connection with the upcoming elections to the St. Petersburg legislative assembly, and the tension surrounding the elections only increased thereafter. By some estimates, there are no fewer than 50 persons tied to criminal structures running for the St. Petersburg city council; their methods reflect their criminal backgrounds.

In many electoral districts, liberal candidates were surprised by the entry into the race of two or three candidates who shared their last names. St. Petersburg voters began receiving telephone calls at three or four in the morning urging them to vote for liberal candidates, and a mailing ostensibly from the liberal "Yabloko" bloc was sent to persons who had recently died. Worse, liberal campaign workers were beaten, and a car and campaign headquarters were bombed.

It was in this atmosphere that Starovoitova attempted to organize a bloc of liberal candidates who were pledged to fight organized crime. She also, according to the newspaper *Noviye Izvestiya*, acquired a tape of phone conversations linking St. Petersburg governor Vladimir Yakovlev to leading gangsters.

The tape does not contain direct conversations with the governor, but there are conversations about him that suggest he is linked to criminal organizations involved in the lucrative cemetery business. Criminals have sold and reused burial plots and used cemetery crematoria to dispose of murder victims. In recent months, 13 persons connected to the St. Petersburg cemetery business have been killed and a number of others have been assaulted or have disappeared. In the aftermath of Starovoitova's murder, the governor, Yakovlev, stunned St. Petersburg by not attending the memorial service for her.

Boris Yeltsin and Friends by Roman Genn

Now what? The Starovoitova assassination represents a turning point. Either Russia cracks down on organized crime now or no politician will have the courage any longer to stand up to the gangsters. Unfortunately, the portents are not encouraging. Organized crime has eaten into the fabric of Russian society to such an extent that it may prove impossible to overcome it.

Organized crime existed in Russia under the Soviet regime, but it spread during the *perestroika* period. The first cooperative businesses were denied police protection at a time when it was illegal to hire private guards. Rich and unprotected, the cooperatives became easy targets for gangs that formed all over the country to extort money from them.

When the Soviet Union fell, the democrats' first priority was the destruction of the Communist system. They believed they would be supported politically only by those who were wealthy, and the only wealthy persons they saw were those who had accumulated capital in the shadow economy, including gangsters. Their attitude toward the rule of law was therefore tempered by a desire not to create problems for their "allies."

In the absence of effective law enforcement, gangsters began to seize medium-sized businesses and, finally, banks. They became the partners and enforcers of Russia's leading oligarchs and destroyed moral standards throughout Russia because businessmen, unable to resist them, became their partners, and the law-enforcement agencies, instead of fighting them, began to compete with them, offering law enforcement to private clients for a price. Russia's gangsters are now the trusted advisers, debt collectors, and enforcers of Russian business and the paymasters of the country's corrupt and burgeoning bureaucratic apparat. It is because of this that any investigation into criminal activities, including contract killings, is inevitably sabotaged by interference at the highest levels of government. In fact, Russian law enforcement has all the material it needs to arrest the leaders of Russia's criminal gangs—not one of whom can explain his income—but effective law enforcement awaits a sea change in Russian attitudes.

Galina Starovoitova was working to create just such a change. It was this that got her killed. **NR**

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■ THE SCHOOLS ■

Low Class

How progressive education hurts the poor and minorities.

RICHARD NADLER

KANSAS CITY, MO.

IN 1996, Kansas City had its first shot at school reform in years. The school-board elections were swept by a coalition of black, white, and Hispanic activists who shared a strident anti-busing platform. They ridiculed the reign of U.S. Judge Russell Clark, whose desegregation plan had spent $1.6 billion on capital improvements but increased neither integration nor student achievement.

In short order, the new Board modified the district's adversarial legal relationship with the state of Missouri, from which it had milked $1.2 billion in "remedial funds." The Board curbed busing in favor of neighborhood schools and cut $100 million from the district's annual budget. And it restored the district's credibility with voters, who passed the first non-judicial school levy in 25 years.

But the crucial reform was academic. District parents, 80 per cent minority, wanted a "core curriculum" stating specifically what students should learn in each grade. That way, teachers and principals could be held accountable, and the district's dismal test scores could improve. But the new Board made a fatal blunder at the very beginning of its efforts: it consulted the authorities.

"Local and national experts in specific subjects critiqued early drafts, and made recommendations," stated the Board's August 12, 1996, Curriculum Overview. "Throughout the process we consulted national and State of Missouri standards and model curriculum documents from other Districts. This draft is the result of a year of collaboration and research."

And so it was. Missouri's "Show Me" standards had been developed in 1994 and 1995 under the influence of the educational trend briefly known as "outcome-based education," and more recently known as "constructivism" or "active learning." These theories, repackaged from musty volumes of John Dewey's "progressivism," emphasized "critical thinking" over knowledge, activity over lectures, and lonely student discovery over teacher-directed instruction.

Mountains of data suggest that this approach doesn't work for students in general (see "Failing Grade," June 1). But it is particularly ill suited for inner-city schools like the ones in K.C. For minority and at-risk schoolchildren, indeed, it is not too strong to say that "progressive" techniques impose a permanent status of second-class educational citizenship. At a minimum, they reinforce the gap in educational achievement between the lowest socioeconomic strata and the higher ones.

That's because progressive education magnifies the consequences of a child's unpreparedness for school. A teacher who adopts the weak role of a "facilitator" will not keep the child of two surgeons from acquiring the habits that lead to academic success. For the son of a single, young, illiterate woman, such a classroom environment simply replicates the lack of adult discipline at home.

Extensive studies of children from both English working-class and American inner-city neighborhoods confirm the point. The best teaching method for at- risk students, according to these studies, is highly structured instruction by teachers who are willing to act as authority figures, both intellectually and morally.

Such findings have led some liberal black educators to condemn progressive education as racist. Lisa Delpit of Georgia State University, for instance, is a multiculturalist who regards standard English as a burden imposed on minorities by white power. But she maintains that black children must be given access to the "keys to power," including both standard English and computer literacy. And she condemns "progressives" for failing to accomplish this.

In the *Harvard Educational Review*, Delpit quoted a black teacher: "This is just another one of those racist ploys to keep our kids out. White kids learn how to write a decent sentence. Even if they don't teach them in school, their parents make sure they get what they need. But what about our kids? They don't get it at home and they spend all their time in school learning to be *fluent* [i.e., spontaneous]. I'm sick of this liberal nonsense."

In England, the educational fault line has been class rather than race. There, progressive schooling won official approval with the Plowden Report of 1967. But by 1975, its critics were attacking it as socially reactionary. In *Education and Social Control*, R. Sharp, A. Green, and J. Lewis observed the mechanics of "discovery learning" in progressive classrooms and concluded that teachers automatically dedicated the lion's share of their attention to self-starters: students who already had the learning skills necessary to take advantage of the progressive model. But such children were overwhelmingly upper- and upper-middle class. Working-class kids fell farther behind.

■

For minorities and at-risk kids, 'progressive' techniques impose a permanent second-class citizenship.

■

Kansas City didn't have to wait long to see similar effects. On the Iowa Tests of Basic Skills and the Tests of Achievement and Proficiency, district third-graders dropped three percentiles in one year in reading, "language arts," and math. Twelfth-grade scores declined in reading, "language arts," social studies, and science, while remaining abysmal in math.

This is a national problem. Since the 1989 Governors' Summit at Charlottesville, most states have implemented "constructivist" and "developmentalist" standards. The Thomas B. Fordham Foundation's recent report on state standards, by Chester E. Finn Jr., Michael Petrilli, and Gregg Vanourek, found that guidelines for English, history, geography,

Mr. Nadler is editor of *K.C. Jones Monthly*, a Midwestern journal of opinion.

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math, and science tended toward the vague, anti-academic, and trendy.

Unsurprisingly, then, educational achievement has become more unequal throughout the nation in the Nineties. National Assessment of Educational Progress scores tell the tale: black students' performance on math and reading proficiency dropped in both absolute terms and relative to whites' between 1990 and 1996.

In math, black scores fell while white scores increased. In 1990, 17-year-old white math whizzes—students at the 95th percentile of all whites—outscored their black counterparts by 19 points (357 to 338). By 1996, math scores at the 95th percentile of 17-year-old blacks had declined five points, and white scores had increased a point. The racial gap was now 25 points. And math scores fell for 17-year-old blacks and rose for 17-year-old whites in all other percentiles as well.

In reading tests, the trends were mixed. Black students' scores declined in every percentile between 1990 and 1996, but so did those of whites. The racial gaps grew slightly smaller at percentiles lower than 50, and slightly larger at percentiles greater than 50.

But among those who learned (or failed to learn) their elementary reading skills in the early 1990s, the racial gap reasserted itself with a vengeance. The reading scores of 13-year-old black students declined between 1990 and 1996, while those of whites increased. The gap between black students at the 95th percentile and white students at the 95th percentile increased, as did the gap at every other percentile—for an average increase of 49.7 per cent.

Though dramatic, these results are hardly new. From 1968 to 1976, the U.S. Office (later Department) of Education launched Project Follow Through, to identify and disseminate the "best practices" for teaching at-risk elementary-school students. The "best practice" among the nine major teaching models studied was the Direct Instruction program of Wes Becker and Siegfried Engelmann, in which an authoritative teacher engaged students continuously in a highly structured, content-rich curriculum, teaching didactically, testing constantly. The "progressive" curricula, on the other hand, actually lowered student achievement.

Given the credible evidence spanning two continents and three decades that progressive education hurts disadvantaged children, why hasn't there been a political reaction of the sort that usually attends such disparities? In other words, Where's the outrage?

■

Educational achievement has become even more unequal in the Nineties.

■

One explanation is that the Federal Government hides the evidence. The Education Department's Joint Dissemination Review Panel, which evaluated Follow Through, recommended all of the programs—even those that had produced test scores below the 20th percentile. "A program could be judged effective if it had a positive impact on individuals other than students," wrote Cathy Watkins in Effective School Practices. "As a result programs that had failed to improve academic achievement in Follow Through were rated as 'exemplary and effective.'"

Failure can, of course, be finessed. A Clinton Administration that depends so much on the support of black Americans is loath to trouble them with widening racial gaps that developed on its watch. So it takes a longer view. The Education Department's fat chart book, *The Condition of Education 1998*, has room for only this slender analysis: The National Assessment of Educational Progress "further shows that some of the large gaps in achievement between whites and minorities have narrowed somewhat over the past two decades."

Meanwhile, Kansas City voters, frustrated by the continued stagnation of their schools, threw out the reformers in 1998. The new regime, controlled by the usual business, union, and ethnic elites, quickly dealt with the problem of lagging black test scores in the customary manner.

They junked the tests. **NR**

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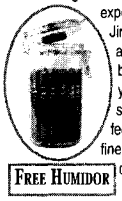

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When Will Father Bozo Go Back to the Circus?

In many Catholic parishes today, the sense of the sacred has largely been banished. The bells, incense, votive candles, and Communion rail are gone. Statues of the saints are locked in the basement, replaced by balloons, banners with greeting-card sentiments, and other dime-store decorations. The Tabernacle with the reserved Sacrament has disappeared from the sanctuary. Formerly at the center of the sanctuary, it's been replaced by the Presider's Chair, where Fr. Bozo sits. So we no longer genuflect to the Throne of the reserved Sacrament but to Fr. Bozo's Throne. Indeed, the once-sacred sanctuary has really become a stage. We must clap, clap, clap for the band, the liturgical dancers, the vaude-villians, the pantomimist, and the other clownish entertainers. During the reception of Communion, we have no chance to pray because we're forced to sing another one of those show-tune ditties. And now the kneelers are being ripped out and the crucifix taken down — after all, they're hardly conducive to the three-ring festivities!

In his hip homilies Fr. Bozo refers to married couples merely as "partners," lest sinners ("domestic partners") feel excluded or uncomfortable. He pooh-poohs Catholic doctrines, and panders with stage props hidden behind the altar and unfunny jokes we feel compelled to laugh at. The *alter Christus* thinks he's the altar comic. The purpose of the liturgy has been transformed from receiving Christ into celebrating our wonderful selves. We've wound up with a Big-Tent Catholicism that's "inclusive" of everyone and anyone, regardless of "lifestyle" or belief, and where Communion primarily occurs at the (SMILE NOW!) Sign of Peace, or so says Fr. Bozo. But normal people seldom get out of bed on Sunday morning in search of self-affirmation or warm huggies.

Catholics alienated by freakish Masses often jump ship for an Evangelical church — or just stay in bed if they want warmth and self-cuddling. Indeed, church attendance among Catholics has dropped from 70%, just before the clowns were sent in 30 or so years ago, to 25% today. And today, two out of three Catholics don't believe in the Real Presence — why would they, given Fr. Bozo's antics over the past three decades?

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■ PUBLIC POLICY ■

Thin Red Line

A taxpayer-funded insurance breakdown.

ROBERT R. DETLEFSEN

FEW tears were shed last month when a jury ordered Nationwide Mutual Insurance Company to pay more than $100 million in damages for discriminating against black homeowners in Richmond, Virginia. Most Americans, after all, oppose bigotry and dislike insurance companies. But the Nationwide verdict signals an ominous trend: the use of anti-discrimination laws by government-funded activists to compel private industries to use racial preferences in dealing with customers.

Since the 1970s, the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development has lavished millions of dollars on private advocacy groups to conduct tests for unlawful discrimination. In 1995, HUD provided $1.5 million to help a Richmond-based group called Housing Opportunities Made Equal (HOME) conduct tests targeting Nationwide. Volunteers called agents and asked for quotes for homeowners' insurance. White testers called about homes in white neighborhoods, while black testers called about homes in black neighborhoods. HOME claimed that its tests showed that homeowners in black neighborhoods received rate quotations that were "unjustifiably higher than rates quoted to persons in comparable homes in white neighborhoods." The group sued Nationwide for violations of the Virginia Fair Housing Act and recruited none other than the current mayor of Richmond, Tim Kaine, to serve as its lead attorney. Mayor Kaine would argue HOME's case before a local jury of six blacks and one white.

As the trial got underway, HOME's case began to fall apart. It emerged that the homes for which its testers requested rate quotes were not of the same size and value. Two testers admitted losing or destroying 80 per cent of their notes. Moreover, in some cases involving older homes, agents could not offer quotes immediately because Nationwide first requires inspections of older properties, which it schedules within thirty days of the initial contact. HOME's black testers told Nationwide agents that they needed the quote sooner because of an imminent loan closing. The point of this subterfuge was apparently to ensure that no quote would be issued, which fact could then be used to incriminate Nationwide.

In addition to raising allegations of discriminatory treatment, HOME used "disparate-impact" analysis to challenge Nationwide's practice of affording greater scrutiny to older homes and homes of lesser market value. That is unlawful, said HOME, because it works against a higher percentage of black homeowners than white homeowners. That kind of race-counting statistical analysis had previously been confined to employment litigation. Judge Randall G. Johnson ruled that it was applicable to the Nationwide case anyway.

In disparate-impact cases, defendants generally must prove that the challenged practice serves a "compelling" business purpose and that no "less discriminatory" alternative exists. That burden is rarely met in employment cases. It seems unlikely that an explication of arcane insurance-underwriting principles would sway a jury inflamed by racial rhetoric and egged on by the local mayor. Indeed, at the conclusion of the two-week trial, the jury deliberated just two and a half hours before finding Nationwide guilty and ordering the company to pay $500,000 to HOME in compensatory damages.

Nor was disparate impact Nationwide's only sin. HOME Attorney Rhonda Harmon explained during her closing argument that "the City of Richmond has made HOME, in a sense, like Ezekiel. HOME is the watchman on the wall for fair housing and equal opportunity. . . . [W]hen discrimination occurs on the basis of race or any other protected class, HOME specifically and definitely and directly is harmed." Harmon noted that Nationwide ran ads in *Newsweek*, whose readership "is only 10 to 15 per cent African American" (like the country at large), while declining to run ads in *Black Enterprise* or *Ebony* or *Jet*. Worse yet, the company advertised in *Southern Living*, "a magazine that is reminiscent of plantations, massa, and mint juleps." She exhorted the jury to punish Nationwide for its "willful, wanton, and malicious racism."

The jury obliged in the form of a $100 million punitive-damage award, which should mitigate the "harm" that was suffered by HOME's taxpayer-funded dis-

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crimination police. "Today's verdict," declared HUD Secretary Andrew M. Cuomo, "is good news not just for minorities, but for inner-city neighborhoods that have suffered far too long from redlining and other forms of discrimination."

How did this happen? Begin with the fact that the homeowners'-insurance market is highly competitive. Individual

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Our anti-discrimination law can't tell the difference between bigotry and economic sanity.

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insurers compete with one another in part by continually refining their methods for assessing risk. As eager as they are to write policies, responsible underwriters cannot ignore empirical evidence that inner-city homes tend to have substandard heating and wiring components (generally a function of age) and to be located in neighborhoods with much higher than average rates of burglary, vandalism, arson, and building abandonment—all of which are significant risk factors. What is pejoratively referred to as "redlining" is really risk-lining.

But our anti-discrimination law can't tell the difference between bigotry and economic sanity. A bigot is a person whose prejudices blind him to the facts. Nationwide was targeted for paying too much attention to the facts—for prudently favoring growing, affluent, crime-free communities over troubled inner-city ones.

Our governing institutions seem eager to seize every opportunity to depict majority-white institutions, their managers, and their employees as engaged in a relentless and systematic campaign of racial discrimination. When the behavior of such organizations and their members is actually inspired by nothing more sinister than the profit motive, government-funded lawsuits and incendiary public pronouncements do more than just besmirch the reputations of the accused parties: they exacerbate the suspicion and distrust that already characterize American race relations. **NR**

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Much Pressure on Israel

Will Netanyahu be able to preserve his country's security?

Unrelenting pressure is being applied on Prime Minister Netanyahu to make ever-more-dangerous concessions to the Palestinians. The recent Wye Plantation Conference was only a foretaste of what is going to be demanded from Israel in the so-called "final status negotiations." What follows are some areas in which demands will be made and pressure will be applied.

What are the facts?

Land for Peace. The whole concept is absurd. Never in the history of the world has any nation returned lands to those who have attacked it. Even so, in line with the Camp David accord, Israel has yielded the vast Sinai to Egypt. It has yielded Gaza and about 40% of the "West Bank" to the Palestinians. Over 90% of the Arab population of the territories is under the control of the Palestinian Authority. What else is expected of a country that occupies only a fraction of 1% of the lands occupied by the Arabs? And shouldn't land for peace work both ways? Shouldn't the Arabs give up some land to get peace? Or why not just simply "peace for peace"?

A Palestinian State. Israel could not survive if Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") were in unfriendly hands. There can be little question of the enduring hostility of the Arabs. The "West Bank" mountain ridges dominate the narrow waist of Israel, in which over 70% of the Jewish population, 80% of its industrial base, and the most important military installations are located. The Palestinians would not need an army to make life in Israel impossible. Moveable Katyusha rockets would dominate the area. Israel needs to keep strategic control of the "West Bank," without which it would not be defensible.

Return of the "Refugees". Population transfers have occurred throughout history. In 1945, the resettlement of 3 million Germans from Poland and Czechoslovakia was arranged. Following the collapse of its North African empire, France accepted close to 1.5 million people. More than 12 million(!) Muslims and Hindus were exchanged between India and Pakistan. Israel has recognized this historical necessity. But the "Arab Nation", with its enormous wealth and vast under-populated lands, has stubbornly refused to face facts. Instead of allowing the Palestinians who left Israel in 1948 (and their descendants) to be integrated into their societies, they have, for the past fifty years, kept them in miserable "refugee camps" and have encouraged them to plot vengeance and terrorism. Return of these people to Israel, including the "West Bank" is impossible. Neither Israel nor any Palestinian entity could absorb them. There is not enough land and not enough water. It would be as unthinkable as for those 3 million Germans to return to Poland and the Czech republic or, for that matter, for the 800,000 Jews who fled or were expelled from the Arab countries to return to their original homes.

"By not yielding to pressure and by not allowing Israel to be strategically weakened, Mr. Netanyahu will bring peace with security, *shalom batuach,* to Israel and to the entire Middle East."

Jerusalem. Before the end of the 1967 Six-Day War, no claims to Jerusalem being a Moslem holy city or the capital of any Arab country were asserted. But for over two thousand years, Jews have been living in Jerusalem and they have been the majority population since the 19th century. Why should they give up their capital, their holy city as far back as memory goes—or even any part of it? The Moslems have their holy cities, Mecca and Medina, and they have 22 Arab capitals. There are important Arab cities in the "West Bank," under full control of the Palestinian Authority. But Jerusalem is the eternal and indivisible capital of the Jewish State.

These are the most important issues that Netanyahu and his government will have to confront in the final status talks. As to Jewish "settlements" in the "West Bank": Jews have the right to live in any part of the land of Israel. And why not? How could 160,000 Jews living among 1 million Arabs in the "West Bank" be an obstacle to peace if over 1 million Arabs live within the "green line" of Israel? Nobody considers them an obstacle to peace. By not yielding to pressure from any source, and by not allowing Israel to be strategically weakened, Mr. Netanyahu will be true to his campaign promise and will bring peace with security, *shalom batuach,* to Israel and to the entire Middle East.

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■ SPORTS ■

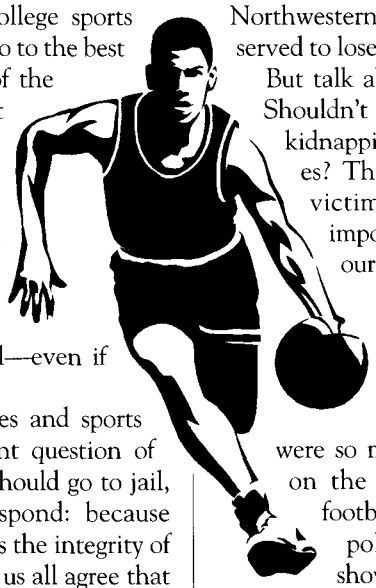
Pointless

College basketball players throw the game. So what?

STEPHEN MOORE

ON November 23, two former Northwestern basketball players, Kenneth Dion Lee and Dewey Williams, were convicted of sports bribery for fixing three games during the 1995 season. Lee had received $4,000 from a bookie for shaving points and Williams $700. Ever since the scandal broke a year ago, the sports pundits on ESPN and elsewhere have been demanding that Messrs. Lee and Williams be dealt with severely. And they were—the penalties handed down included not just fines but short prison sentences.

In justifying the jail sentence, U.S. District Judge Charles Norgle said: "It is important that the public knows when an athlete is playing college sports that they [sic] are doing so to the best of their abilities." But of the many things in life that are important, knowing that college athletes are trying their hardest is far down the list. In fact, it is unclear why throwing up a brick or dribbling a ball off of a foot should be a federal crime at all—even if done intentionally.



When I ask colleagues and sports authorities the irreverent question of why Williams and Lee should go to jail, they unhesitatingly respond: because point shaving jeopardizes the integrity of the game. Well, yes. Let us all agree that the behavior of these two athletes was despicable. Shaving points or throwing a game is a betrayal of team, of school, and most of all, of self. By all means they should be kicked off the team. The NCAA should ban them for life. Their teammates should give them nasty wedgies in the locker room.

But a felony? The maximum penalty for "conspiracy to commit sports bribery" is $250,000 in fines and a *ten-year* prison sentence. In 1981, Rick Kuhn was convicted of taking money from the mob to shave points during five Boston College basketball games (he was BC's center). Kuhn was sentenced to ten years in jail. Ten years is a stiffer penalty than we give to the hooded man who comes into your home in the middle of the night, waves a gun in your face, and demands your money or your life.

For three years, the U.S. Attorney's Office and the FBI scoured through old game tapes to investigate whether Northwestern's February 15, 1995, game against Penn State (which the Cats lost by 32 points) was fixed. I myself watched some of the film of that game, and, to be honest, Northwestern was so godawful in 1995 (when they finished 1–17 in the Big Ten), there's just no telling whether the errant shots and the multitude of turnovers were intentional or not. Lee and Williams played miserably that game—but so did the rest of the team. Anyone who was stupid enough to bet on Northwestern—even with points—deserved to lose their money.

But talk about misplaced priorities. Shouldn't the FBI be investigating kidnapping, rape, and murder cases? These are crimes with real victims with real costs that impose a real reign of terror on our streets.

Meanwhile, the NCAA's sermonizing about the sanctity of the game drips with hypocrisy. Several years ago, there were so many unsavory characters on the University of Colorado football team that the Boulder police department stopped showing mug shots to crime victims and instead gave them a copy of the CU football yearbook. Did the Buffaloes receive the NCAA's version of the "death penalty"? No. They won a national championship.

If it's a crime to fail to try your hardest in a college or professional sporting event, then what are we to make of the

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NBA? It costs roughly $100 to see multi-million-dollar-a-year players jog up and down the court and play at three-quarter effort. So much for the integrity of the game. When Latrell Sprewell nearly strangled his coach to death, he received a season-long suspension. But if, God forbid, he were caught gambling on a game, he would be barred for life.

The irony of the Northwestern case is that the people who are most protected by the application of conspiracy and racketeering laws to college athletics are

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If Latrell Sprewell gambled on a game he'd be barred for life.

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the sports bookies. These laws don't preserve the integrity of the game, they preserve the integrity of the Las Vegas gambling industry.

The only person who really cares if Northwestern lost to Penn State by 18 points or 32 is the gambler who had money on the game.

Ninety per cent of the betting on college football and basketball each year is technically illegal (including your office pool). Wagering on college sports is one of America's largest black-market growth industries. ESPN estimates that $5 billion was bet on the 1998 NCAA tournament alone. So in a sense, we have a series of point- shaving laws that primarily benefits and encourages sports gambling—at a time when the NCAA and the FBI declare that this activity is the single largest threat to college athletics.

By applying super-tough criminal penalties to college athletes who shave points, we don't restore the mythical integrity of the game. We reinforce the insidious notion that these 18–22-year-old kids aren't really playing a game anymore at all. They are engaged in a high- stakes business. And that is the greatest threat of all to the glory of college athletics. As for Messrs. Lee and Williams, the principle that should be applied to this and all such cases is identical to the common-sense rule that applies in pick-up basketball games: no harm, no foul. **NR**

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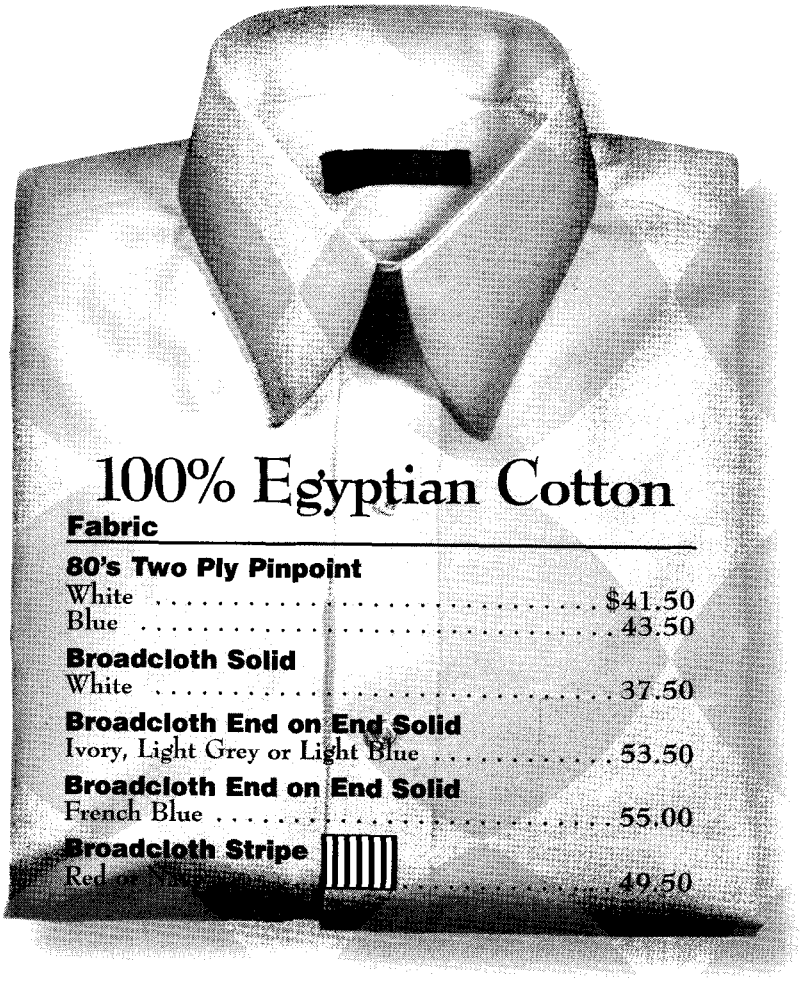

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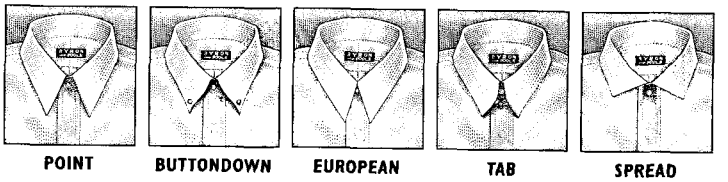

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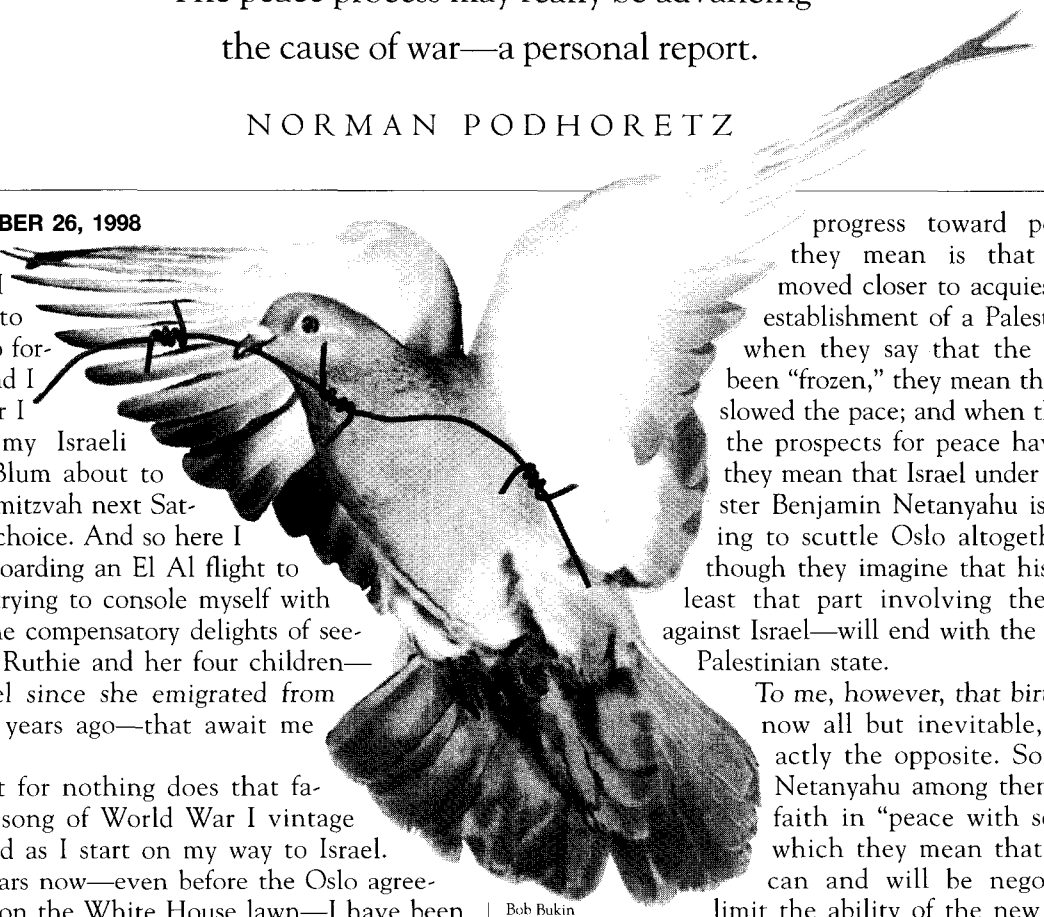
■ COVER STORY ■

The Perils of Peace

The peace process may really be advancing the cause of war—a personal report.

NORMAN PODHORETZ



Bob Bukin

EN ROUTE, OCTOBER 26, 1998

The older I get, the harder I find air travel to take, especially to foreign countries, and I avoid it whenever I can. But with my Israeli grandson Alon Blum about to celebrate his bar-mitzvah next Saturday, I have no choice. And so here I am once again, boarding an El Al flight to Jerusalem while trying to console myself with the thought of the compensatory delights of seeing my daughter Ruthie and her four children—all born in Israel since she emigrated from America twenty years ago—that await me over there.

Over there: not for nothing does that famous American song of World War I vintage pop into my head as I start on my way to Israel. For about five years now—even before the Oslo agreement was signed on the White House lawn—I have been infuriating some people, and wearying others, with a succession of jeremiads predicting that the "peace process" encapsulated in the word "Oslo" will lead, not to peace, but to war. Nothing that happened at the just-concluded Wye conference—that wag-the-dove effort by Bill Clinton to restage Jimmy Carter's Camp David extravaganza—has allayed this anxiety. On the contrary: I see Wye as yet another giant step on the road to a Palestinian state.

To most people all over the world, and to many Israelis as well, the coming of a Palestinian state is automatically equated with the coming of peace, not only between Israel and the Palestinians, but between Israel and most of the other Arab states. So ingrained has this equation grown that many of these people are not even aware that they are taking it as axiomatic. When they say there has been progress toward peace, what they mean is that Israel has moved closer to acquiescing in the establishment of a Palestinian state; when they say that the process has been "frozen," they mean that Israel has slowed the pace; and when they say that the prospects for peace have dimmed, they mean that Israel under Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu is maneuvering to scuttle Oslo altogether. It is as though they imagine that history—or at least that part involving the Arab war against Israel—will end with the birth of the Palestinian state.

To me, however, that birth, which is now all but inevitable, means exactly the opposite. Some Israelis, Netanyahu among them, put their faith in "peace with security," by which they mean that conditions can and will be negotiated that limit the ability of the new Palestinian state to endanger the correlatively new state of Israel (new in the sense that Israel's borders will move closer to those that marked the country before the Six Day War of 1967).

Yet I have never been able to bring myself to believe this. In my opinion, no "iron-clad" promises monitored by the CIA (as decided at Wye) nor any guarantees from the United States can prevent the ground from continuing to be prepared for another big assault on Israel.

Henry Kissinger, shaking his head at the fetish the Israelis have made of the word "peace," often says that all wars have broken out between nations previously at peace. My own corollary is that, when one party to a conflict actually wants it to end and the other is still pursuing victory, peace treaties become a form of unilateral disarmament—whether psychological, military, or both—by the former. The party pursuing victory will invariably either violate the terms of the treaty (with or without a pretext that pins the blame on the other side) or take advantage of its loopholes; conversely, the party that wishes to live in peace will go on keeping its promises or, if a democracy,

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run into political difficulties in trying to force compliance when violations occur. For in a democracy, doubts will always be raised: Was the act in question really a violation? If so, was it serious enough to warrant using force against the violating party? And even if the act might be construed as such, is it worth going to war again after so much blood and effort went into the making of peace? And anyway, what about the things we ourselves have done that did not strictly adhere to the spirit of the agreement?

FAILED AGREEMENTS

The history of the twentieth century is littered with examples of this kind of thing, from the response of the West in the Thirties to Nazi Germany's violations of various treaties, to the way the United States willfully ignored Soviet violations of arms-control agreements in the Seventies, to the refusal of Congress to enforce the accords negotiated by Kissinger in 1973 with North Vietnam. In all these instances, the details hammered out by the diplomats turned out to mean next to nothing. Once the wars these diplomats were helpless to prevent broke out, only professional historians were ever again interested in the treaties, or remembered what they had contained.

The process intended to end the Arab war against Israel—a war that began in 1948, on the day the Jewish state was proclaimed—seems to me another entry in this long, morbid catalogue. As I see it, Israel—first under Yitzhak Rabin, then under Shimon Peres, and now even under Benjamin Netanyahu—has been succumbing under one rationalization or another to a combination of war-weariness, wishful thinking, and American pressure. But no matter why and how they have come to this particular pass, there can be no doubt that the Israelis truly want peace. The problem is that they can have it only if the Palestinians and other Arabs, after so many years of dreaming and scheming and fighting and maneuvering to rectify what they regard both as a gross political injustice and an abominable affront to Islam, have finally changed their minds about wiping Israel off the map no matter where its borders might be drawn and have decided that they can live with a sovereign Jewish state in their midst.

Alas, the evidence strongly suggests that neither the Palestinians nor most of their Arab brothers have reached such a point, or have even come within sight of it. In this connection, I think of the enormously important assessment of Arab sentiment made about two years ago by Professor Fouad Ajami of Johns Hopkins University, himself of Lebanese birth and a specialist in the history and politics of the Middle East:

> There has been no discernible change in the Arab attitudes toward Israel. . . . The great refusal [to accept the Jewish state] persists . . . in that "Arab street" of ordinary men and women, among the intellectuals and the writers, and in the professional syndicates. The force of this refusal can be seen in the press of the governments and of the oppositionists, among the secularists and the Islamists alike, in countries that have concluded diplomatic agreements with Israel and those that haven't.

When speaking among themselves, in Arabic (as opposed to when they address the West in its own languages), the Palestinians make not the slightest effort to disguise their "great refusal" and the warlike intentions that follow from it. Thus, as (bad) luck would have it, just as I am about to leave for the airport today, and just in case I am tempted to entertain the idea that in the end all will turn out for the best, my fax machine presents me with a report from the Middle East Media and Research Institute summarizing the comments on Wye in the Palestinian media.

These comments add up to an interpretation of the summit's memorandum that runs almost directly counter to what the Israelis, along with the Americans, seem to think they have just signed.

Item: The head of the Palestinian negotiating team at Wye asserts that the meeting in Gaza to be addressed by Clinton in December will not involve the *legal* procedures necessary to annul the provisions in the Palestinian National Charter calling for the destruction of Israel. Thus, having falsely been told two or three times before that the offending clauses had already been cancelled, we will now be lied to about it yet again.

Item: The head of the Gaza security apparatus declares that he will fight only the military, not the political, arms of Hamas and other terrorist groups, that no formula for fighting terrorism was adopted at Wye, and that the Palestinians have no intention of lowering the number of their "policemen."

Item: The Secretary General of Fatah in the West Bank affirms that his people did not budge at Wye from their insistence on the right of the Palestinian refugees who fled in 1948 to return to their old homes in present-day Israel. This same high official (of Chairman Yasser Arafat's own wing of the PLO) also declares that the Palestinians did not modify the demand that their independent state be established "on the entirety of Palestinian land" (i.e., including the territory now constituting the state of Israel), with Jerusalem as its capital.

The upshot, to put it as plainly as possible, is that the Palestinians still see a state of their own as a substitute for, not an addition to, the Jewish state that already exists. Having thus far failed to bring this about through direct military means, they have (as another high Palestinian official frankly acknowledged in the immediate wake of Wye) adopted the "strategy of phases" plan of 1974. What this plan proposes is that the destruction of Israel be pursued incrementally, with the Palestinians first getting what they can obtain through diplomacy and various other forms of pressure and then, at the opportune moment, making a bid for the rest through armed assault.

Yitzhak Rabin used to say that the Palestinians did not pose an "existential threat" to Israel: they were too weak to do anything but inflict minor wounds through terror. But as envisaged by the "strategy of phases," the future Palestinian state will not exist in isolation, and when it goes to war against Israel, it will be able to count on the help of practically the entire Arab world, with Muslim Iran added in. All of these countries will set aside their in-

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tramural differences to join in this holy war, this *jihad*, that will at long last offer them a serious chance to arrive at a final solution of the Israel problem.

Even more promising from the Arabs' point of view, this war will be fought on terms especially unfavorable to Israel because of the additional territorial concessions the "peace" treaty will necessarily have entailed and the new powers that sovereignty will have given to the Palestinians. These powers will include the ability to enlarge the army they have built since Oslo, disguised as a police force

I will soon learn to my horror that the Palestinians have already managed to smuggle in Stinger missile launchers.

and at least twice the size they were permitted under that agreement, as well as a new ease in importing heavy weapons and missiles (if necessary, just as with their army, in contravention of prior pledges).

Indeed, I will soon learn to my horror that, even without the airport and the seaport that, thanks to Wye, the Palestinians will now finally be able to open, they have already managed to smuggle in Stingers—those shoulder-held missile launchers whose supply to Afghanistan by the United States was the single most important military factor in turning the invasion of that country by the Soviets into "their Vietnam."

I would, if only I could, banish these thoughts and prepare myself to plunge wholeheartedly into the spirit of the occasion toward which I am being hurtled through the night air. Yet I was unable to do so when I traveled for the bar-mitzvah of my oldest Israeli grandson, Noam, three years ago: and now it is, as the old joke goes, *déjà vu* all over again. In fact, when I told my daughter Ruthie on the phone that I might write a journal about this trip similar to the one I had done three years ago, she burst into mordant laughter and exclaimed: "Oh, no, not another article saying Israel is up the creek—and, by the way, I went to my grandson's bar-mitzvah!"

JERUSALEM, WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 28

It has been a year and a half since I last saw my four Israeli grandchildren, and I am taken aback at how much they have grown. Noam, the bar-mitzvah boy of 1995, still knows everything about everything, but he is now 16 and a full-blown adolescent (though he has, thank goodness, given up wearing his hair dyed half yellow and cut in some kind of punk style); Alon, the bar-mitzvah boy of a few days hence, is still very slender and is even more reserved and self-possessed than he was before, when I gave him the Hebrew sobriquet *Mar Kul* ("Mr. Cool"—the word "cool" having slipped untranslated into the Hebrew language and becoming for Israeli kids his age, no less than for their American counterparts, the most desirable of all things to be).

But it is the twins, Boaz and Avital, now nearly nine years old, who have changed the most. They are no longer babies, and when I begin by treating them as such (because, fatuous grandfather that I am, I still find them almost unbearably cute), they make it very clear that they (she even more than he) will not permit me to patronize them in this or any other way. Both of them speak English better than they did when we last met, but I am grateful that Boaz still says things like, "My heart is banging me," when he is out of breath and that Avital regally, and with a touch of contempt, still corrects him when he makes such mistakes.

Not that she is as grown-up as she likes to pretend. Before I leave Jerusalem, I will see her dress up as a bride, put a necktie on their dog, Domino, and insist that my son, her uncle John Podhoretz (who has also come here for the bar-mitzvah), perform a ceremony uniting girl and dog in matrimony, with her aunt, my oldest daughter Rachel Abrams, who is with us too, serving as bridesmaid. When Avital insists on something, there is no use trying to resist, and John gracefully gives in, reciting something approximating the wedding service of the *Book of Common Prayer*, during which he requests that anyone who knows of any reason why this couple should not be joined in holy matrimony speak now or forever hold his peace. Noam protests that "interspecial marriage" (this is the term he uses—in English!) is forbidden by the Torah, but when John magisterially overrules his objection and proceeds to declare the pair dog and wife, Noam chimes in with "by the authority vested in you by the administration and staff of Bellevue Hospital!"

Wondering how on earth he knows that Bellevue is a mental hospital, I conclude that there is no limit to what a kid in some other country can learn about America by watching television and playing around with the Internet, which is how Noam seems to spend most of his time. Meanwhile, Boaz, normally quite noisy, sits unaccountably still, observing his twin sister go through this ceremony with a slightly puzzled expression on his face. As for Alon, he, of course, affects all the aloofness one would expect of *Mar Kul*.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 28

Not surprisingly, the Israelis are responding to Wye in a much more complicated way than the Palestinians. Netanyahu (whom I will from here on call Bibi, as I have done ever since I met him some twenty years ago, and as everyone in Israel does, including those who hate him) is jubilant. So are his intimates within the Likud Party. As they spin it, Bibi has come back from Wye with "magnificent achievements." The principal such achievement was to have "squeezed the accordion" that the rival Labor Party, now led by Ehud Barak, had expanded for the Palestinians. According to Bibi, Labor would have given up 90 per cent of the West Bank in three 30-per cent withdrawals, whereas he pulled off a deal that would at this stage add only another 10 per cent, plus a further 3 per cent as a "nature reserve," which, combined with previous pullbacks, would make for a total of 40 per cent.

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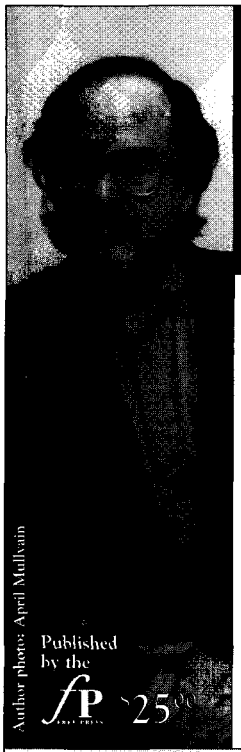
The Labor Party denounces this as a libel and tries for a while to attack Bibi from the right for having given away, not less, but more than Labor would have done. But no sooner does this trial balloon get launched than it is punctured by its own absurdity, and within minutes (or so it seems) Labor changes tactics. Now Barak and other Labor leaders begin to declare that Wye represents the complete capitulation of Bibi to the "path of Rabin," or what one editorialist calls "the Rabinization of Netanyahu." Yet, unable to bring themselves to congratulate him on finally seeing the light that has been shining so brightly in their own eyes, they are reduced to demanding that Bibi issue an apology to Rabin for having attacked his peace policies in the first place. Some of them also insinuate that the apology should include words of contrition for the part they continue to believe Bibi played in the "incitement" that created the climate in which the assassination of Rabin could occur.

On the extreme left, no words are minced on this point: on television, there is a demonstration, and I see a sign emblazoned with the famous denunciation issued by the prophet Elijah against King Ahab when, after provoking his wife Jezebel to arrange for the disposal of Naboth, the king took possession of the dead man's vineyard: *Haratzakhtah v'gam yarashtah?* ("Hast thou murdered and also inherited?"). One left-wing politician, not daring to use this quotation directly, nevertheless cannot resist sneakily alluding to it by asking Bibi in a speech in the Knesset whether he has inherited while proving ungrateful (presumably both for his power and his supposedly new policy).

Of course, Bibi played no part of any kind in the assassination of Rabin. Spearheading the angry critique of Oslo while in opposition as head of the Likud Party, he consistently dissociated himself from the cries of "traitor" that were hurled at Rabin, and he sharply rebuked those of his followers who used that word. Actually, though—unremarked as it was or is in the media—the epithet was more often hurled at Rabin by members of his own party on the Golan Heights than by rightist settlers on the West Bank. The great majority of the people living on the Golan were old Laborites who had been encouraged to go there by previous Labor governments, and they had voted for Rabin on the basis of his assurances that he would never make a deal with Syria involving their dispossession. It was when they saw just such a deal in the works that they felt betrayed.

It seems clear that the current Labor opposition, not to mention the hard Left, would like nothing better than to go on blaming Bibi for the assassination. But (with the exception of Rabin's widow, Leah, who can and does get away with anything she says, no matter how outrageous) they have had their tongues tied by the legislation against "incitement" they rammed through after the assassination. For it is now Bibi's turn to be attacked as a traitor by some of his erstwhile supporters on the West Bank—and for the same reason that Rabin was turned upon by his own people on the Golan Heights. There is an unmistakable note of *Schadenfreude*—of "How do you like it now that it is happening to you?"—in some of the statements by Labor Party leaders, but so unseemly is this vindictive approach (not to mention the danger it involves of running afoul of the anti-incitement laws) that it is prudently abandoned. Five demonstrators are even arrested when they show up a few days later shouting, "He incited, he incited to murder!" at Bibi as he places a wreath on Rabin's grave during a ceremony.

As for those settlers on the West Bank who feel betrayed by Bibi's surrender of land that they chose to believe he would never give away, they are trying very hard to distance themselves from the extremists and to keep the word "traitor" out of their criticisms of Wye. "So," begins a television interviewer as he questions a young man from one of the West Bank settlements, "Bibi has become a traitor?" Refusing the bait, the settler responds, squirming visibly, "I wouldn't use that word," and then—despite



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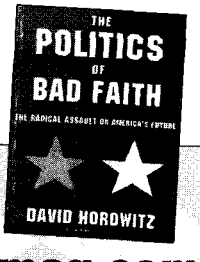

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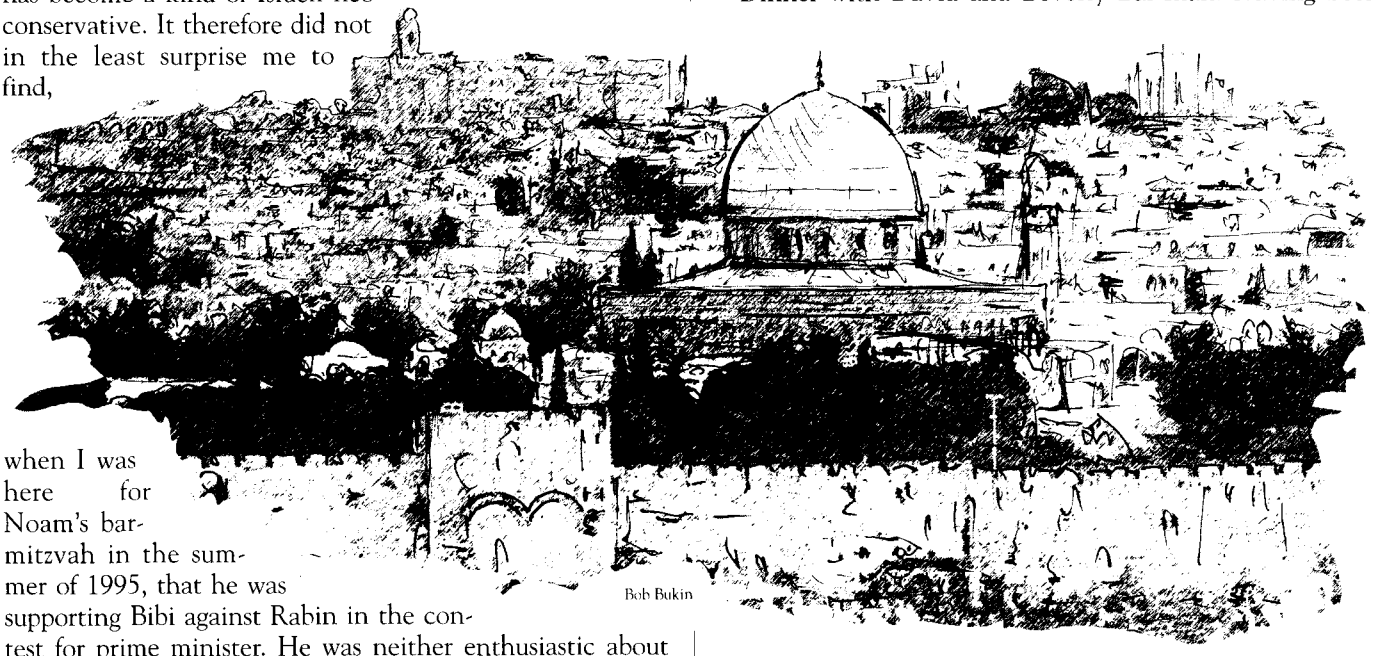
aggressive prodding by the interviewer—tries to make his case against Wye in much more moderate terms. I get the impression that he is squirming not only because giving in to the interviewer might open him up to prosecution but because the whole approach is genuinely distasteful to him. Then the interviewer, relentless, shows old footage of anti-Rabin demonstrations and juxtaposes it with new pictures of similar placards, this time featuring Bibi instead of Rabin with a *kaffiyeh* on his head and shaking the bloody hands of Arafat. Again the settler expresses disapproval of such extremism, but when the interviewer demands that he explain in what way Likud now differs from Labor, he more or less gives up.

I should point out here that my Hebrew, once fluent, has grown rusty and that I could not quite follow and may have misunderstood some parts of this interview. But I am pretty sure I got the gist right. So too with Bibi's speech to the Likud conference, which I also catch on television tonight. As everyone who has ever listened to him knows, Bibi's English is perfect—almost accentless and amazingly articulate. But I have heard that he is not as good a speaker in his native Hebrew as he is in English. Perhaps if my own Hebrew were better, I might agree. So far as I can tell tonight, however, he is the same Bibi with the same ease and fluency. To this is added—as it never is in English—the vehemence that seems to be characteristic of and expected in Israeli political speech.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29

I meet in the morning with an old Israeli friend, one of the few professors at the Hebrew University who are not on the left. To be sure, he started out as a supporter of Labor. But over the years—and especially since Oslo—he has become a kind of Israeli neo-conservative. It therefore did not in the least surprise me to find, when I was here for Noam's bar-mitzvah in the summer of 1995, that he was supporting Bibi against Rabin in the contest for prime minister. He was neither enthusiastic about the Likud Party nor entirely trustful of Bibi, but he believed that there was no choice, since Labor had suffered a process analogous to the McGovernization of the Democratic Party in America.



Bob Bukin

This morning, no sooner do we greet each other than we plunge into a discussion of Wye. Both of us fully expected Bibi to accept the American demand for a 13.1 per cent withdrawal, but we agree that the worst thing about Wye is the provision that turns the CIA into a referee between the Israelis and the Palestinians when disputes arise over the policing of terrorism. It is bad for Israel because it embodies an assumption of moral equivalence between the two sides on this issue, quite as though one Baruch Goldstein were equal to the vast number of Palestinian terrorists past and present (which number is bound to be swelled in the future). It is bad also because it represents a departure from the old insistence by Israel on "direct negotiations" with the Palestinians rather than through third parties. But as an American, I feel that the provision is bad for America, too. It is one thing to act as "an honest broker," but quite another to act as a judge, even under the doubtful assumption that the CIA, which has plenty of other problems of its own, is up to doing this particular job.

Neither of us, however, is as exercised as we both were three years ago. Then we were still in a state of high indignation over the turn Rabin and Peres had taken from hawk to dove, but now we are a little burned out: cases of all (well, not quite all) passion spent. Having long assumed that the Palestinian state could not be headed off and that the danger it posed could not be averted or neutralized by diplomacy, we spend the rest of our time together speculating on how and when the next war will break out and how bad it will be—a fitting conclusion to a Jewish discussion.

THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 29

Dinner with David and Beverly Bar-Illan. Having been in succession a concert pianist, a regular contributor to *Commentary*, and the editor of the *Jerusalem Post*, David is now Bibi's communications director. Fresh from Wye, he has a few amusing anecdotes to tell, but none is so amus-

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ing as the series of phone calls he receives while we are at table.

These calls are occasioned by the fact that, when I saw Bibi at a breakfast meeting he addressed in New York before going to Wye and informed him that I would soon be in Israel, he urged me to get in touch so that we could arrange for the kind of one-on-one conversation we used to have regularly and that we have never once managed to sneak in since he became prime minister. Great, I said, that would be great. But knowing from the many stories I had heard from other old friends of his that reaching him was very difficult even after he had issued such invitations, I decided then and there that I would just forget the whole thing.

After watching him last night on television, however, I changed my mind, mainly because I was curious to hear what he would say to me in private when I asked him what his overall strategy was, and whether it would differ from what he was saying in public or what I thought it was. And so, while at Ruthie's apartment this afternoon, I dialed the special number David had given me and informed the woman who answered that the prime minister had requested that I call. Since he was unavailable, she offered to take a message, but she had great trouble with my last name, even though I spelled it out slowly for her, first in English, then in Hebrew.

When I pass all this on to David, he makes a knowing gesture, and now when the phone rings at his apartment, he smiles merrily as he goes to pick it up. "I'll bet it's one of the secretaries wanting to know if I know who you are." When he returns to the dining room, he is no longer merely smiling; he is convulsed with laughter. "I was right! She told me that someone named 'Fuditz' was claiming that the prime minister wanted to see him." David, immediately realizing that, among other things, she has mistaken the Hebrew letter for "p," which can sometimes also be read as an "f," tries to straighten her out. But it takes another phone call, and two more spelling exercises, before he does so successfully. Then the phone rings yet again, and, sure enough, it is Bibi, asking for me. We chat for a minute, during which I compliment him on his speech last night, and he responds by saying how much he is looking forward to seeing me before I leave on Monday.

I am ready to bet that this will never happen (and it never does). Mending the fences on his right that have been damaged by Wye, as well as preparing for the commemoration of the third anniversary of Rabin's assassination, will keep him too busy to meet with me. Besides, as he is very intelligent, Bibi has every reason to expect that I will be less than fully enthusiastic about his "magnificent achievements," and no more than any other politician does he welcome anything other than the hosannahs I will be unable to bring myself to sing into his ears. Which is why I, for my part, do not much regret missing the chance to find out whether he will confirm my long-held sense of the strategy he is pursuing.

That strategy, as I read it, is to square the circle of moving toward the establishment of a Palestinian state without entirely alienating those of his constituents who passionately oppose Oslo and persuaded themselves during the election that he would reverse it. I do not doubt that Bibi would indeed have wished to throw Oslo overboard, but I am equally certain that he has concluded that this would be even riskier than honoring it. Obviously, like Rabin before him (and to that degree he *has* been "Rabinized"), he has decided that the main threat now comes not from a Palestinian state but from the missiles of Iran and Iraq. Hence, what he thinks Israel needs above all else is American help in building effective defenses against that threat (never mind that we Americans still lack any anti-missile defenses ourselves). The Palestinian state being the American price of such cooperation, it is safer to pay it—according to this view—than not.

I told Bibi that I thought war was in the offing, and that he must make certain that Israel was in good shape militarily.

The political trick is to pay it without being toppled from power; and it seems to me that Bibi has returned from Wye feeling confident that he is well on his way to pulling off that trick. By appointing Ariel Sharon as his new foreign minister, and by including Natan Sharansky on the negotiating team, Bibi has acquired additional cover from the two figures in his circle most trusted by the Right. Sharon will later declare that, painful as it is to surrender more territory, this team has made a deal that will do the least possible damage to Israel's security. And so Bibi can also claim that he is fulfilling his electoral promise of "peace with security."

About that, we shall see. Yet to me and some of my Israeli friends, the missiles of Iran and Iraq have added to, not canceled out, the threat of conventional war, and—to say yet again what cannot be said too often—we think that the latter threat has been increased by the "peace process." We do not, alas, have an alternative policy to offer. For—to say this, too, yet again—Israel cannot have peace so long as the Arab world persists in Ajami's "great refusal." Buying time in the hope that the Arabs might eventually change would have been the best of all the bad courses under these circumstances, but the Israelis had lost the stamina and even the will to opt for this alternative. And so we sit, waiting helplessly for the explosion ahead and hoping at least that Bibi and his people are prepared militarily to cope with it.

In an earlier phone call last summer, when I told Bibi flat out that I thought war was in the offing, that it was too late to head it off, and that he must make certain that Israel would be in good shape militarily and in a high state of preparedness, he assured me that this was precisely what he was doing. Yet I have been given less optimistic assessments from other quarters, and I have no way of judging which of them is correct.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31

The great day for which we have come here has arrived, and the weather (which can be bone-chilling at this time of year in Jerusalem) is glorious. The synagogue at which Alon is to have his bar-mitzvah is about a mile or so from our hotel, so we decide to walk, which is, after all, the proper thing to do on *shabbat* in Jerusalem, and especially for this occasion. Three years ago, when Noam had his bar-mitzvah, it was in a musty old Orthodox synagogue that reminded me of the one I attended when growing up in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn. But Alon, who has a highly developed sense of style, demands something much grander—no less grand, indeed, than the Great Synagogue itself, which is housed in the building that serves as the headquarters of the chief rabbinate.

Playing on the Hebrew word for "religious" (*dati*), secular Israelis call this building "the Datican," and though neither Alon himself nor the household in which he lives is at all observant, he has scorned the suggestion

To the secular Israeli public, which is mostly left-of-center in its politics, Rabin has become a veritable substitute for God.

that his bar-mitzvah be celebrated in either the Reform or the Conservative synagogue, both of which are nearby and also very grand. So far as he, like most other Israelis, is concerned, Judaism is either Orthodox ("the real thing") or it is nothing. It is this—and not, as the Reform and Conservative leaders in America like to claim, discrimination against them by the government—that explains why these two movements have had so much difficulty in establishing a strong foothold in Israel. Alon may not return to a synagogue again for many years, if ever, and he is highly unlikely to become an observant Jew. But if his family wants him to have a bar-mitzvah, he (like his older brother before him) wants it to be "the real thing."

The Great Synagogue is more luxuriously appointed than any other Orthodox synagogue I have ever seen, and the service is conducted by a professional cantor assisted by a choir made up of adults (a novelty for me: the choirs I sang in once upon a time were always composed of children). The choristers are of course all male, since in an Orthodox synagogue the women are segregated either behind a screen or (as here) in a balcony. As the bar-mitzvah boy's grandfather, I am invited to sit up front in a place of honor, where I have a good view of Alon in his own special place to my right. Being Mr. Cool, he has waved off all questions about whether he is nervous, but his long thin face is very pale as he waits for the morning service to end and then the Torah to be brought out and that week's portion to be read. He will be called up to chant the concluding verses of that portion (the passage known as the *maftir*) and then to continue in a different chant with a much longer passage from the prophets (the *haftarah*).

Boaz, who has been sitting quietly next to his uncle John all morning, complains that they are "reading too hard" (by which he means too fast) and adds cheerfully, in an amalgam of English and the Hebrew word for synagogue, "I hate *beit-haknesset*." Nevertheless he waits for his big brother to do his stuff before rushing out, and I suspect that he is as astonished as the rest of the family by Alon's performance. In normal conversation, Mr. Cool, as befits such a person, always speaks so softly that it is often hard to hear him. Yet from the minute he begins pronouncing the blessing that precedes his chanting of the *maftir* until the last syllable of his *haftarah* and the blessing with which it concludes, his voice rises to and remains on a decibel level that would do credit to a Sophie Tucker or an Ethel Merman, and he belts out a flawless performance with not the slightest vocal quaver or hesitation. It is a wonder to hear and behold, and it reinforces my old suspicion that there are mysteries in the depths of this grandson of mine that I dearly wish I will live long enough to see revealed.

Certainly they will not be revealed today. Later, at the celebratory lunch next door, when he is deluged with enthusiastic congratulations, Alon defies the cliché by not being "flushed with triumph" and immediately reverts to his normal persona, complete with the soft, thin, and barely audible voice that goes so well with it. When we get home, however, he generously suffers me to hug and kiss him. I make an even greater pest of myself in this respect than usual, fearing that my days of being allowed to take such liberties with him are strictly numbered. Fortunately, I have no comparable worries about Noam, who is not that kind of cool and is besides very demonstrative. Nor do I have to worry (yet) about the twins, who are, after all, not even nine years old.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1

It is our last day, and we are hoping to see as much of Ruthie and the children as possible. But as Sunday is a normal work and school day in Israel, she is in her office at the *Jerusalem Post* (where she is a columnist and an editor) and they are all in school. Adding to these obstacles, today will be the culmination of the ceremonies commemorating the third anniversary of Rabin's death that have been going on in various forms since we arrived. I had planned to attend one or two of these events in the company of Noam and Alon. Like all schoolchildren in Israel, they have been instructed to show up for classes dressed in white shirts and dark trousers or skirts. Then, a few hours after returning home, the Jerusalem kids are all to reassemble at the Knesset, where they will hear speeches before marching back to their respective schools to light candles and read one another the poems and essays they have been assigned to write about the lessons to be learned from the assassination. Unfortunately, a bout of stomach trouble makes it impossible for me to accompany them, and I will have to depend on a

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secondhand account from Alon (Noam having rebelled against going).

Still, this is not really necessary, thanks to television and the papers, which have been so dominated by Rabin that they have scarcely had space or time for anything else. I have lived through the assassinations of John F. Kennedy, Robert F. Kennedy, and Martin Luther King Jr., but not in any of these cases was the aftermath anything like what has occurred with Rabin. To the secular Israeli public, which is mostly left-of-center in its politics, Rabin has become a veritable substitute for God, a true idol of the tribe. I cannot say how many of these people actually pray to him, but only last night I spotted on TV signs being waved near his gravesite that read, "Yitzhak, now you are looking after us from above." To anyone who knew the aggressively secular and totally unsanctimonious Rabin, as I did for nearly thirty years, nothing could be more bizarre than to see him transformed into a kind of saint and spoken of in such language.

Less bizarre, but no less unlovely, is the political dimension of the Rabin cult. Addressing him directly, and always by his first name, one speaker after another rises at this time every year to bless him for his courage in seeking peace and to beg his pardon for not protecting him from the danger he was in: *Yitzhak*, they intone, *forgive us*. And this year there is the added theme of the putative triumph over his political enemies represented by Wye. Here the tone changes from unctuous piety to crowing, from the obeisances of idolatry to the exploiting of political opportunity: *Yitzhak, your path has been vindicated.*

This is a very delicate subject, and I exaggerate only slightly when I say that, as people used to be arrested in Christian countries for blasphemy, one can practically get arrested in Israel for saying anything critical about Rabin or even about the uses to which his assassination has been put. It is therefore with astonishment that I read a piece in the weekend edition of *Ha'aretz* (always described as the *New York Times* of Israel) by the columnist Tom Segev that dares to characterize as "political kitsch" all these efforts to turn Rabin into a saint:

> Rabin, who fought Palestinians all his life, was involved during the War of Independence and the Six Day War in massive deportations of Palestinians. He oppressed them with a hard hand during the Intifada and was dragged unwillingly into the Oslo agreements while contravening promises he made to his voters. There is no assurance that Rabin could have advanced the peace process faster than Netanyahu.

This is much too harsh and unmodulated, but even though it comes from the "post-Zionist" Left—a school of thought I detest—I have to admit that it is closer to the truth than the hagiographic image of Rabin promoted by

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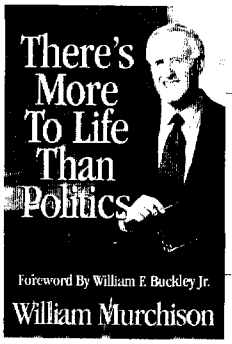

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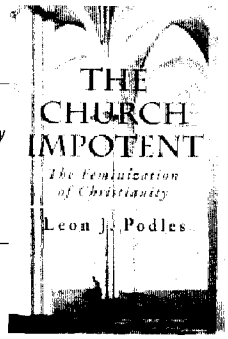

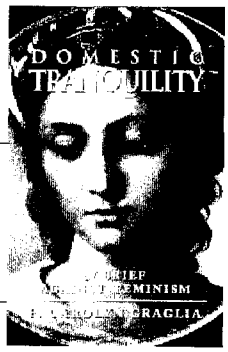

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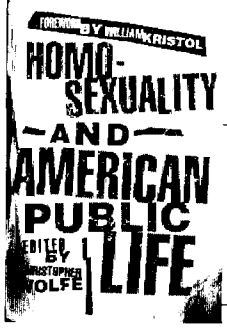

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so many other more moderate left-of-center elements in the Israeli political culture.

Foolishly (will I never learn?), the minute Alon returns from the special ceremony, I try to grill him on what went on. Inevitably, he just shrugs and says, "Nothing." Pressed, he elaborates a little: "There were speeches and stuff." But in spite of all my pleading, he keeps refusing to give me even a single example of something one of his classmates said: "I can't remember." I nag on, and finally, in a last-ditch stab at being left alone, he glances at me with a look that combines disgust and disdain in equal measure and says, "It was all just a lot of lefty bulls—."

I am hard put to decide which is more surprising coming from Alon: the sentiment, since I would have thought him so indifferent to political distinctions as to be unaware of them, or the obscenity, since I cannot recall ever hearing him use one in my presence before. Once, when I teasingly taxed her with having a foul mouth, the quick-witted and always witty Rachel shot back with, "Well, the rotten apple doesn't fall far from the tree." True, evidently even unto the third generation. More mysteries from this mysterious grandson of mine.

A little while later, we have to say our goodbyes. Embracing Noam, I am suddenly seized by the chilling realization that, in less than two short years, he will be going into the army. Then I embrace Alon (who is even more generous on this occasion than after the bar-mitzvah and hugs me tight in response) and Avital (who is always up for a hug, except of course when she is in one of her regal huffs). I am a little wary of Boaz, who dislikes saying goodbye and not only refused to do so three years ago but pounded me in the chest when I grabbed him. But he is older now, and when I go into his room, where he is watching television, he allows me to pick him up and shower him with my characteristically fatuous kisses. I set him down and close the door, but the minute I do, he opens it again, sticks his head out with a big grin, and says, "Toodleoo!" As I have observed before, there is no limit to the reach of cultural globalization.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2, AT THE AIRPORT

Ruthie had told me that she hoped I would not write another piece saying that "Israel is up the creek—and, by the way, I went to my grandson's bar-mitzvah." But, of course, this is exactly what I have done. John, for his part, kidded me about the fact that everything I have written about Israel in the past five years has concluded in the same style: with a prayer that my forebodings are misplaced, that I am wrong in predicting war, and that those who see peace ahead are right. "If you're going to write something this time, do me a favor and don't end with that same prayer again."

But just as I have dashed Ruthie's hopes, so am I now about to refuse John's similarly humorous request. I will, however, go this far for him: I will offer up my prayer not on paper but only in my head, and in the silence of my heart. **NR**

Gun Shy

Cities turn from regulation to litigation in their campaign against guns.

JOHN R. LOTT JR.

THE state attorneys general and trial lawyers behind the recently finalized $206 billion tobacco settlement have opened up a Pandora's box of legal tricks. The agreement wasn't even completed when mayors started using similar legal maneuvers against gun makers and retailers. Only 16 per cent of Americans favor banning handguns, and only 5 per cent favor banning rifles. Yet, if the mayors have their way, the opinions of the vast majority will not matter. In the lawsuits now threatened against gun makers, the litigants are using the courts to make an end run around the legislative process to enact a de facto ban on guns. Their goal is not to win these weak cases in court, but simply to bankrupt legitimate companies through a coordinated effort to simultaneously bring dozens of lawsuits and to impose massive legal costs.

When governments perceive a problem with a product, they can either regulate it or tax it. For example, if "too many" guns are indeed being sold, as Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley claims, gun sales could be taxed even more heavily than they are now. But the state legislatures and the Federal Government decided against further expanding already extensive controls. Now the cities want the courts to punish law-abiding manufacturers for past sales that complied with existing gun laws.

While states led the charge on tobacco, it is cities that are spearheading the assault on gun makers. New Orleans and Chicago want gun makers and retailers to reimburse them for all of their health-care and police expenses arising from gun violence.

As in the tobacco cases, the anti-gun plaintiffs acknowledge only the costs and not the benefits of the product in question. But the case against gun manufacturers will be harder to make. The states' class-action suits against tobacco emphasized what the tobacco companies themselves knew about their product, not whether smokers knew the risks of smoking. The plaintiffs were essentially accusing the tobacco companies of fraud—of not fully revealing the deadliness of their product. This strategy won't work against the gun makers, as everyone knows what guns can do.

Tobacco companies had a ready answer to the states' claim that smoking costs taxpayers Medicaid money to pay for

Mr. Lott, the John M. Olin Law and Economics fellow at the University of Chicago School of Law, is the author of *More Guns, Less Crime: Understanding Crime and Gun Control Laws* (University of Chicago Press).

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tobacco-related illnesses: when smokers get sick, they tend to die relatively quickly. While states must bear these health-care costs sooner (since smokers die younger than non-smokers), the expenses are offset by shorter illnesses—indeed, by smokers' shorter lives. And once the long-term savings to state pension programs are taken into account, smoking actually saves states money.

Tobacco companies were never comfortable with this morbid argument, and, in the couple of cases where it was raised, judges weren't sympathetic to it. This permitted the attorneys general to make fantastic accounting arguments in which they cited the costs, but not the benefits, of smoking to state coffers.

Simply claiming that murders are committed with guns will not be enough for the cities to win. Unlike the tobacco companies, gun makers have powerful evidence of the benefit of their product. Criminals tend to attack victims whom they perceive as weak—and guns serve as an important deterrent against crime.

THE BEST DEFENSE

Americans use guns defensively more than two million times a year, and 98 per cent of the time merely brandishing the weapon is sufficient to stop an attack. Resistance with a gun is also the safest course of action when a person is confronted by a criminal. The chances of serious injury from an attack are 2.5 times greater for women offering no resistance than for those resisting with a gun. And guns help bridge the strength differential between male criminals and their female victims.

In my own recent research on gun ownership across states and over time, I found that higher gun-ownership rates are associated with lower crime rates. Further, poor people in the highest-crime areas benefit the most from gun ownership. Lawsuits against gun makers will raise the price of firearms, which will reduce gun ownership most among the law-abiding poor.

■

Americans use guns defensively more than two million times a year.

■

The cities' claims are also at odds with the wisdom of the very people whose job it is to keep the streets safe. The police cannot feasibly protect everybody all the time, and indeed, despite their importance in reducing crime, they almost always arrive on the scene after a crime has already been committed. Perhaps this is why police officers are sympathetic to private gun ownership. A 1996 survey of 15,000 police chiefs and sheriffs conducted by the National Association of Chiefs of Police found that 93 per cent of them thought law-abiding citizens should be able to purchase guns for self-defense.

Chicago's lawsuit accuses 22 gun makers of specifically designing guns to appeal to gang members. Similar suits funded by George Soros and the MacArthur Foundation have also

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been brought by private parties in New York and Chicago.

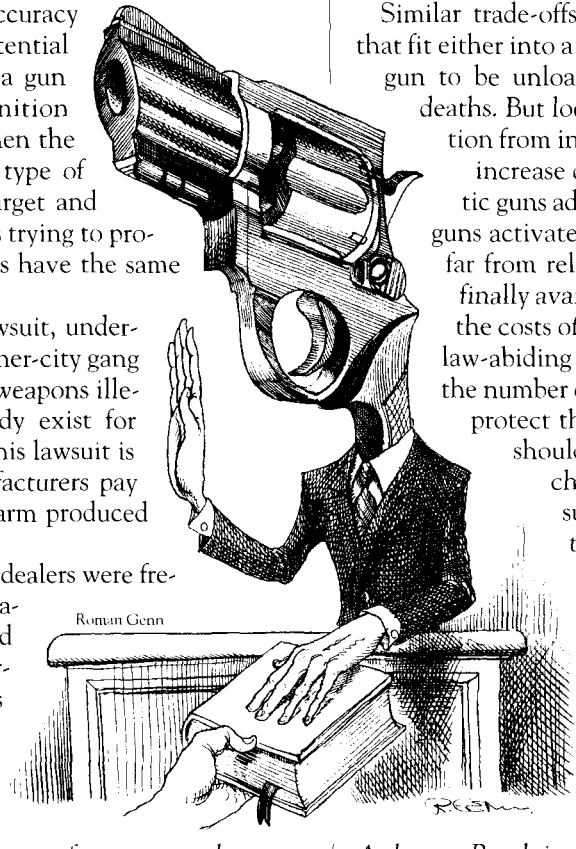
Among the offending characteristics cited are low price, easy concealability (small size and light weight), corrosion resistance, accurate firing, and high firepower. The fact that an industry is being sued for making high-quality, affordable products shows how far the liability-litigation madness has gone. Again, only the negative effects of a gun's design are mentioned.

■

Lightweight, concealable weapons may help criminals, but they also help protect law-abiding citizens.

■

Lightweight, concealable guns may help criminals, but they also help protect law-abiding citizens in the 43 states that allow such weapons. Women in particular find it easier to use smaller, lightweight guns. Criminals may value guns with greater accuracy and firepower, but so do their potential victims. Daley may argue that a gun salesman is pitching ammunition specifically to gang members when the salesman claims that a certain type of bullet won't "go through the target and hit a little girl"; but homeowners trying to protect their families from attackers have the same worry.



According to the Chicago lawsuit, undercover police officers posing as inner-city gang members were able to purchase weapons illegally. Criminal penalties already exist for such sales. But that's not what this lawsuit is about. It's about making manufacturers pay large awards to a city for any harm produced by guns.

It's also worth noting that gun dealers were frequently faced with a no-win situation in the undercover stings. Had they not sold firearms to undercover minority police posing as gang members, they could have faced racial-discrimination suits.

The New Orleans suit relies on gun makers' supposed duty to manufacture guns that cannot be fired by unauthorized users; the complaint prominently discusses three cases since 1992 in which children in New Orleans were accidentally killed with guns. Despite the obvious feel-good appeal of this requirement, it too is more likely to cost lives than to save them.

Consider first how many accidental gun deaths occur in the United States: in 1996, there were 1,400 such deaths, and 200 of those involved children under 15. In comparison, 2,900 children died in motor-vehicle crashes, 950 children drowned, and more than 1,000 children died from residential fires. Hundreds more children die in bicycle accidents each year than die from all types of firearm accidents. For children under age five, cigarette lighters kill five times as many as die from all accidental gun shots (150 versus 30 per year). With around eighty million people owning a total of 200-to-240 million guns, the vast majority of gun owners must be very careful or such accidents would be much more frequent.

It's not much consolation that accidents involving common home fixtures like swimming pools and space heaters are more lethal than guns. Yet people understand that there are trade-offs in life and that the very rules that seek to save lives can result in more deaths. Banning swimming pools would help prevent drowning, for example; but if fewer people exercised, life spans would be shortened. Heaters may start fires, but they also keep people from getting sick and from freezing to death. So whether we want to allow pools or space heaters depends not only on whether some people may be harmed by them, but also on whether more people are helped than hurt.

LOCK AND LOAD

Similar trade-offs exist for gun locks. Mechanical locks that fit either into a gun's barrel or over its trigger require the gun to be unloaded and may prevent a few children's deaths. But locked, unloaded guns offer far less protection from intruders, and so requiring locks will likely increase deaths resulting from crime. The futuristic guns advocated in the New Orleans suit, such as guns activated by a radio signal from a wristband, are far from reliable and will cost $900 when they are finally available. Under the proposed requirements, the costs of gun locks would fall far more heavily on law-abiding citizens than on criminals—decreasing the number of innocent people who could use guns to protect themselves. So the debate over gun locks should be: How many of the 200 accidental child deaths will be avoided? *vs.* How will such rules affect people's ability to defend themselves (and their children)? But this is a debate that the city with good reason deliberately ignores.

Mayor Daley contends that the Chicago suit is no different from holding bars liable for serving too many drinks to people who later get into automobile accidents. Yet these drunk-driving cases deal exclusively with retailers, not manufacturers. Anheuser Busch is not in the dock. Daley's lawsuit, if successful, would create vast new precedents. Perhaps the next prey for local governments and trial lawyers will be automobile companies. The current lawsuits seek reimbursement for accidental gun deaths, and the cities also bear some health-care costs from car accidents and have to pay police to deal with these crashes. Surely lawsuits against alcohol companies and possibly even beef producers will be next. After all, those products too have costs. **NR**

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Rear Windows

The software market is changing faster than the Clinton Administration can regulate it.

ALAN REYNOLDS

WHEN the Federal Trade Commission first began investigating Microsoft for antitrust violations in May 1990, Windows 3.0 did not yet exist and the Internet was an obscure academic curiosity. The Justice Department took over in 1993 and has changed complaints so frequently that we are apt to forget which shell hides the pea.

The court battle relies heavily on implausible gripes from Microsoft rivals. America Online, the Internet-service provider, feigned fear of Microsoft Network even though nearly ten times as many subscribers use AOL and its Compuserve arm to dial up the Internet as use MSN. A claim by the CEO of Oracle that Digital Equipment had to be "pressured" to abandon the bad idea of marketing $500 network computers was even more ludicrous. In any case, all the insinuations about secret deals that somehow never reached completion are beside the point. The government has not charged Microsoft with attempted collusion. And terms like "pressuring" and "bullying" have no meaning in antitrust law or economics.

Allegations of a "predatory pattern of conduct" are no clearer. Microsoft is said to have "preyed" on Netscape, maker of a popular website browser. (A browser is what you use to call up a site.) Microsoft has given away its own browser, Internet Explorer, as part of its operating systems, Windows 95 and Windows 98. The courts have tried to define "predatory" as shoving a competitor out of business without any efficiency gain. Yet having two choices of popular browser at a price of zero is clearly more efficient than having one practical choice (Netscape) at a higher price. And Netscape is stronger than ever, now that it has America Online's wealth and wide exposure. "Predatory pricing" means lowering prices temporarily, then putting them back up after competitors are dead. But nobody, least of all the prosecutors, is claiming that Microsoft ever intends to charge any price for its basic browser, much less a steep price.

The real complaint is that including Internet Explorer in Windows involves a tie-in sale, or "bundling." The worry seems to be that Microsoft might gain a monopoly of browser use and then use that monopoly to direct docile consumers toward the company's favored Internet-service provider (MSN), search engines (which direct you to websites that include the keywords you're looking for—Microsoft didn't have one before October), and destination sites (Microsoft Expedia).

This scenario is speculative, even fanciful. Indeed, the government's case against Microsoft is incoherent at every turn, a textbook example of antitrust law desperately chasing after a rationale. That case simply misunderstands both the economics and the technology of the market it is dealing with. If it reveals any anti-competitive behavior at all, it is on the part of Microsoft's rivals.

With Windows, Microsoft is said to have a monopoly of the operating-system "market." But this is an odd sort of market. Rival operating systems are either bundled with the computer (Apple, Sun, and IBM mainframes) or downloaded for free (Linux and Free BSD). News reports echo the Justice Department's claim that Windows is on 90 per cent of all computers. What the written complaint really said, however, is that Windows has recently been installed on 90 per cent of new "Intel-based" personal computers. The expression "per-

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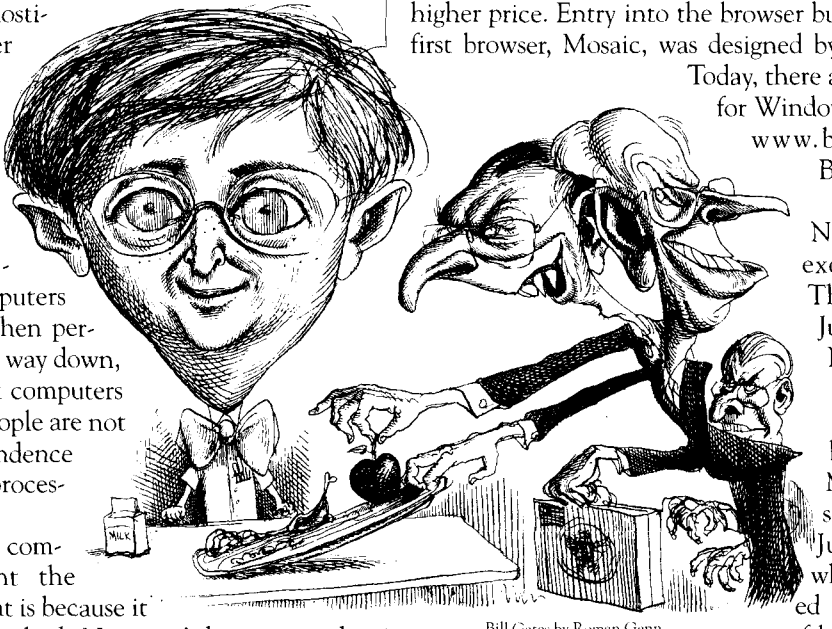
sonal computers" excludes business computers. And "Intel-based" excludes Apple, even though Apple's iMac has been one of the two best-selling computers.

In any event, the relevant "market" is not operating systems per se, nor browsers, but the market for all software services. An operating system like Windows or that of Apple is just a means to an end. It gets you into an application on your hard drive or network. Or it gets you to a browser, which then lets you use search engines to find websites.

Those accusing Microsoft of leveraging Windows have also been saying that programs written in JAVA, the programming language created by rival Sun Microsystems, will soon make operating systems like Windows irrelevant because these programs will run well on any operating system. Computer users would be able to use browsers to download JAVA programs and run those programs from a network on the Internet. Networks would replace the personal computer. Hence, the Justice Department's central theme—that Netscape's dominance of the browser trade, if left unchallenged, might have provided a viable alternative to any operating system. The Appeals Court, however, properly dismissed this idea as a "prognostication." In fact, neither JAVA nor Netscape is a substitute for an operating system, and neither are Netscape and JAVA combined. Netscape could have rendered an operating system unnecessary only if network computers had been a viable idea. When personal-computer prices came way down, the dream of $500 network computers soon became an illusion. People are not about to give up the independence of having their own word processor and other applications.



Bill Gates by Roman Genn

Yet the stillborn network computer continues to haunt the Microsoft antitrust suit. That is because it is the only credible way in which Netscape's browser might have appeared to be a serious alternative to Windows. Even in this sense, the notion was illogical. The brand name on the browser has nothing to do with what can be downloaded from millions of websites—including JAVA applications that would run on any operating system. Internet Explorer could do the job, as could browsers made by Sun or Oracle.

Eventually, the distinction between operating systems and browsers may vanish in favor of a single system that operates online or off. That is the direction in which Windows 98 is aiming, but Microsoft rivals are also headed there. The *Wall Street Journal* reported, April 1, that IBM and Sun are working together to build a new JAVA-based operating system. That could be a real threat to Windows. Software sales of IBM were nearly $13 billion in 1997, slightly larger than Microsoft's. Sun too is nearly as large as Microsoft ($9.8 billion). Any new IBM–Sun operating system will surely "bundle" a browser from Sun, Lotus, or Netscape. The new Macintosh system cannot be counted out either, and Apple has bigger plans in the works.

The Internet itself is also a serious threat to selling any new operating system. For web surfers, an elegant operating system is irrelevant: Windows 3.1 (bought years ago) or Linux (which is free) are quite adequate for surfing purposes. But Microsoft and Apple cannot make money if consumers stop trading up to their latest software. So, those companies are compelled to continually add new and better features to their latest bundles. Apple, for example, is marketing upgrades to its operating system on the basis of some novel features for searching the web.

Meanwhile, there is no meaningful "browser market," much less one that could be monopolized. Monopoly means the ability to charge a higher price, without concern about existing or potential competitors. It is not possible for anyone to sustain a monopoly of browsers and then use that monopoly to charge a higher price. Entry into the browser business is too easy. The first browser, Mosaic, was designed by a lone grad student. Today, there are at least 35 browsers for Windows alone, according to www.browserwatch.com. Basic browsers have usually been free. Netscape was the rare exception, for a while. The Department of Justice did not object to Netscape's charging a sizable fee for its basic browser before 1998, but does object to Microsoft's offering a similar product for free. Justice did not object when Netscape accounted for more than 80 per cent of browser use a couple of years ago, but does object that Microsoft now has half as large a share. These curious distinctions seem to reflect politics, not economics.

In early 1998, Netscape began giving away its source code to encourage the creation of more browsers. Microsoft also encourages others to build customized variations of Internet Explorer. Companies with customized browsers use them to advertise favored websites, as Netscape and Microsoft do. America Online uses an Explorer-based browser to promote Preview Travel (not Microsoft's Expedia) and Digital City (not Microsoft's Sidewalk). Airline credit-card companies also push their own online travel services, offering frequent-flier miles. And NBC-TV ads ask us to use their SNAP! search engine.

Such competition in online marketing is hot and getting hotter. The largest computer manufacturers will soon be using special keys or icons to direct customers to favored sites. Search

Mr. Reynolds is a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute and senior editor of the Institute's journal, *American Outlook* (www.hudson.org). This article is adapted from a study prepared for the National Center for Policy Analysis.

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engines already promote commercial sites with the subtlety of billboards in Times Square. So do websites themselves, with banners, pop-up windows, and recommended links.

To suggest that Microsoft could possibly have any sort of monopoly over this frenetic Internet marketing is preposterous. So is fretting about any "unfair" monopoly over browsers. If computer magazines ever announce that a new version of Netscape or some other browser is superior to Explorer, serious Internet users will defect from Explorer as quickly as they dropped Mosaic for Netscape.

A RED HERRING

Another intellectual prop for the Microsoft case is the "new" economic theory of "network externalities" and "lock-in." Computer users naturally gravitate toward a common operating system, for example, because it makes it easier to communicate with other computers, and to exchange files. Whatever relevance this concept may have for operating systems or word processors, it has nothing to do with browsers. Smith's capacity to make use of the Internet is not even slightly affected by the fact that Jones uses a different browser, because web developers take care to ensure that their pages work well with all significant browsers. Windows browsers are easy to use and equally easy to discard in favor of another. Network externalities are a red herring.

In short, the only economic concept that is actually related to the core complaint is not collusion, predation, or network externalities, but "tying" or "bundling." A tie-in sale means forcing customers to buy one thing if they want another. If you want an Apple operating system, you have to buy an Apple computer. If you want an Apple computer, you have to accept the Apple operating system. For Microsoft to market Windows and Internet Explorer together is not at all comparable. It is not a tie-in sale because it is not any kind of sale. Internet Explorer is free. You don't have to buy Windows 98 to get Internet Explorer. Just log on to microsoft.com and download it for your old version of Windows, or for Mac. Conversely, Netscape's browser works well with every system, including Windows 98.

The closest the Microsoft suit has come to any tangible example of tying is an accusation that Microsoft threatened not to make an Apple-compatible version of MS Office unless Apple adopted Internet Explorer (Apple users are, of course, free to switch). Whatever merit that accusation may have, it has nothing to do with bundling Internet Explorer with Windows. Apple computers do not use Windows.

HEADED TOWARD ZERO

How can Microsoft be said to be forcing us to buy Explorer for free? How does the easy availability of Explorer make it any harder than it was before to download Netscape Navigator? Trying to make some sense of all this, I searched the index of Robert Bork's opus, *The Antitrust Paradox*, and looked up "tying." Judge Bork (who is working for Netscape) cites only two experts on this key topic, the first of whom is M. L. Burstein, in a classic 1960 study. Meyer Burstein holds Chicago doctorates in law and economics, taught at a dozen universities, and authored a dozen books. He seemed like the perfect person to clear things up.

So, I pleaded for his comments. Burstein seized on an observation from Scott McNealy, chairman of Sun, that the marginal cost of selling another unit of software is close to zero. Floppy discs are dirt cheap and computer downloads even cheaper. Burstein pointed out that near-zero marginal costs makes bundled marketing of software inherently efficient, even inevitable. Whenever marginal cost is nearly zero, competition should and does tend to drive prices toward zero. Mass-market software can command a significant price only briefly, while it is unique. Efficiency therefore requires lump-sum pricing for competing "bundles" of software services. Since competition drives the price of each separate software feature down toward zero, the only way a software company can make money is by offering increasingly attractive bundles of applications and features. This is why previously separate word processing, spreadsheet, and database applications are now bundled into much cheaper "Office Suites," and why many previously separate "utilities" have been bundled into packages.

■

There is no browser market, much less one that could be monopolized.

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Wendy Goldman Rohm's book, *The Microsoft File*, inadvertently reveals the real reason many Microsoft rivals prefer to compete in the courtroom. She naïvely echoes complaints that "Gates historically has slashed prices or given products away" and that "Microsoft offered predatory low prices."

This would not be the first time that antitrust law was deployed to protect consumers from terrific products that are given away or sold at low prices. Robert Bork's book noted, "Antitrust law has never clearly defined what it means by predation. . . . Unsophisticated theories of predation abound, leading to drastic overestimations of its likelihood." By contrast, he observes, a very effective "predatory strategy consists of misuse of the courts or other agencies of the government."

Could Microsoft's rivals be using antitrust agencies and courts for "delaying the appearance of new competition"? The next network version of Windows, Windows 2000, threatens to "bundle" many business-software features that other firms have heretofore sold separately for steep fees. Unlike Windows 98, which is aimed at home and small-business computers, Windows 2000 could take business away from such business-software giants as Oracle, Sun, and Novell.

In a packaged-software market estimated by *BusinessWeek* at $133 billion (not counting downloaded software), Microsoft's sales have been relatively small, less than $13 billion in 1997. If Microsoft could be prevented from including a browser with Windows 98, this precedent might later be used to thwart or stall what features can be included in Windows 2000. The big issue is not Netscape, but who gets to define the Microsoft product—the company or its rivals. **NR**

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Europeans. Or reliving with **Bill uckley** his hand-to-hand fighting in the iblic arena with America's apologist Left.

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COPENHAGEN, the final port for this fantastic cruise, famous for its cob-blestone streets and squares (why not stay an extra day or two in this walker's paradise?!).

Even better are the *Rotterdam*'s staterooms—they are elegant and large, and some feature incredible extras (there are many with big, private veran-dahs—but they're *going fast*!). And on the "Concierge Deck," where the *Rotterdam VI* sports 4 Penthouse Suites (each one some 1,126 square feet) and 36 Suites (565 square feet), there's the

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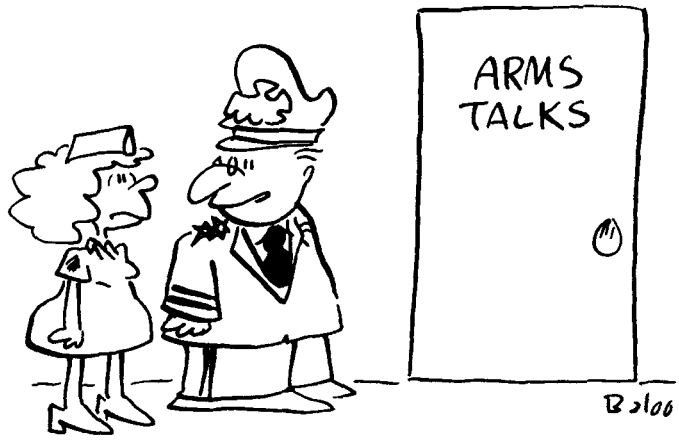
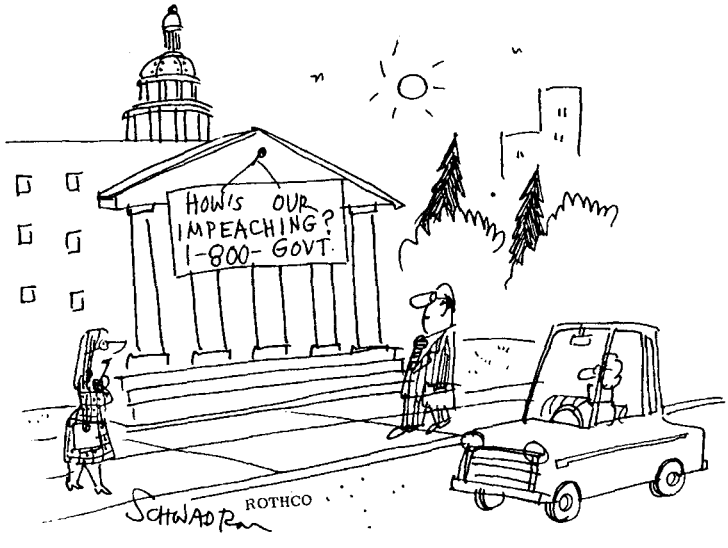
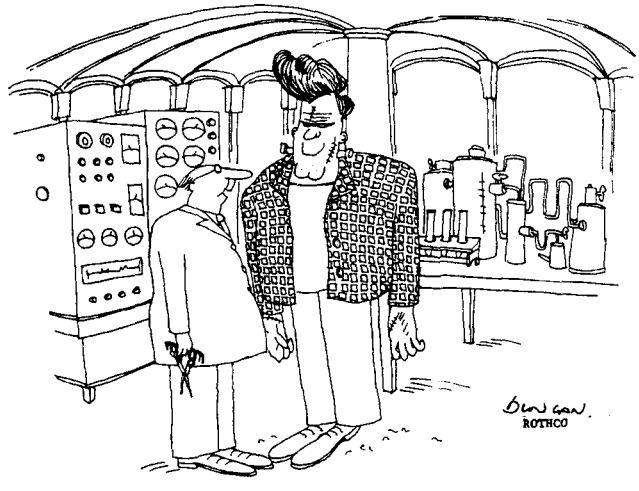
"It seems an awful lot of fuss over a 0.5 per cent cut in interest rates."



"Sergeant, how would you feel about being a bargaining chip?"





"Happier?"

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

December 1, 1998

Dear Janet,

Can I tell you without sounding like a complete suck-up how courageous and thoughtful I think you are? To have stood up to all of those employees, to the head of the FBI (who was never really part of the team, you know?), and to the Republican scandal-mongers who want nothing more than to tear down what Bill and I (and you! you're very very much part of the team)—well, let me just say, thank you thank you thank you.

Not that you need to be thanked, of course. You were just callin' 'em as you were seein' 'em, just like back in Dade County (and what a mess that place was, before you cleaned it right up!) but still, it's what you were seein' (and, I guess, what you weren't seein') that did the trick. No independent prosecutor! You're a doll! A very tall doll!

Did some things amiss occur? Were some things caused to be happened that led to a situation that created a context for other things to occur that led to this confusion? Of course! And full responsibility is taken for that. On that score, let the confusion be dissipated.

You're a big gal, Janet. A very big gal. And I don't just mean dress size, I mean heart size. If Tipper weren't around, and you were into . . . well, in another life, perhaps, huh?

Your pal, Al

PS: Can you do me a favor? Can you check over the Constitution or whatever and see if there's a term-limit on Attorneys General? 'Cause when I'm filling slots in the late autumn of '00, it'd sure do me a world of good to know that there's at least one slot I've got covered.

THE HONORABLE BILL BRADLEY
MENDHAM, NEW JERSEY

December 1, 1998

Dear Bill,

America is ship lost at sea, sir. Our compass is lost; the stars are hidden from us; our captain is unworthy. I beseech you, please, take our helm!

We need a man of your integrity, Bill. (Can I call you Bill? Is that too forward?) As I said, we need a man of your honor. A man of your vision. When I think of all the things you've accomplished in your public life, the many accomplishments in the Senate, the various bills and so forth that surely bear your imprint (note to self: look some of these up) and the other issues of the day that you, sir, with your penetrating insight and measured, statesmanlike demeanor contended with (note to self: ditto) I can only say, sir, please! Run! Run for President of the United States!

I can see you, like it was yesterday, striding onto the basketball court—Dollar Bill Bradley they called you! And why? Because back then, a dollar meant something!—your strong hands, lop-sided grin (oh, the women they swooned, did they not? And people think our current President is handsome? Ha!) and who on the sidelines didn't know they were witnessing a man of destiny?

Who? No one, that's who. Because whether on the basketball court or in the Senate, passing those various legislative items that were so very crucial at the time (note to self: get on this!) you, sir, were the real thing.

And now your country needs you. Please, sir: run! Form an exploratory committee and go to New Hampshire and Iowa. The people of America demand nothing less from their own Dollar Bill Bradley! Please, sir! America cries out for your leadership! Take the helm, sir. Take her, and steer her into the future.

Your friend,

Bill Bradley

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Books, Arts & Manners

The Jewish Question

JOHN J. DiIULIO JR.

The Lord Will Gather Me In: My Journey to Jewish Orthodoxy, by David Klinghoffer (Free Press, 272 pp., $24)

LIKE any true Orthodox Jew, David Klinghoffer, age 33, believes that his disembodied soul stood at Mt. Sinai and "that Torah is entirely Truth, that it came from God, that it is His presence in our lives." But the story of how Klinghoffer, a senior editor of *NR*, came to seek knowledge of God and Torah is undoubtedly unlike that of any other Orthodox Jew. *The Lord Will Gather Me In* is his intimate and classic tale of spiritual self-discovery and religious rebirth, a book so entertaining, intelligent, and compelling that it is must reading for thinking, morally alive persons of every faith and of no faith.

Klinghoffer was begat in California by a bookish yet beautiful gentile woman from Sweden and an unsavory gentile gent from Kansas who deserted her. David's unwed mother, Harriet Lund, had grown up "a neglected girl who happened to know Jewish families in which the children were doted on as she was not." She bore her blond-haired, blue-eyed boy, selecting Paul and Carol Klinghoffer, Reform Jews, as his adoptive parents. The Klinghoffers proved to be kind, caring, morally upright parents.

Mr. Dilulio, a professor at Princeton University and a frequent contributor to NR, directs The Jeremiah Project at the Manhattan Institute for Policy Research.

But from the first chapter of *The Lord Will Gather Me In*, it is clear that Klinghoffer's by turns intellectually fascinating, devilishly funny, and spiritually challenging journey to Jewish orthodoxy was encouraged neither by his adoptive parents nor by most of the Jewish friends, relatives, and rabbis who knew him from childhood through his graduation from Brown University. Rather, his journey began in youthful rebellion against what he experienced as the anything-goes, Torah Lite ways of secular and "easygoing Reform Jews." By the last pages of the book, Klinghoffer makes plain his conviction that his journey to Orthodox Judaism was led throughout by the Lord, who chose to

gather him in among the children of Israel and (so I would add) to inspire him to record the motivating ideas and general arguments, the embarrassing and uplifting personal details, of his journey.

How did it happen? At age five, David was told by his adoptive parents that his biological parents were gentiles. In eighth grade, he opened a book given to him by his maternal grandmother, *To Be a Jew*, by Rabbi Hayim Halevy Donin. The book introduced the boy to the Orthodox understanding of halakha, the body of Jewish laws derived from the Torah (the first five books of the Hebrew Bible) and its traditional interpretations (the Oral Torah). He was struck by "one of the most unexpected sentences of my reading life: 'A child born to a non-Jewish mother, regardless of who the father is, has the status of a non-Jew according to Jewish law.' "

The sentence dogged his 11-year-old psyche for maybe a month, but he was hardly socialized to take "Jewish law," whatever it said, seriously. The Reform rabbi at temple where he was educated taught that Jews were required only to accept in Torah whatever is "meaningful and relevant" to them as individuals. Members of David's family's congregation "would have associated any serious talk about commandments, or about one's relationship to God, with Christianity."

David grew up hearing almost no such God talk, but, as during Carol Klinghoffer's prayerful struggle with terminal illness, his heart and mind continued to yearn for God. He stutter-stepped his way toward the so-called *ba'al teshuvah* movement: that is, the return of tens of thousands of young American Jews to Orthodoxy. In one of the book's many sorry-I-laughed scenes, the adolescent David, after being told by a local Lubavitcher that he is not a Jew, performs a decidedly unorthodox self-conversion ritual in his bathroom, soaping a razor blade with a bar of Irish Spring, cutting himself to extract the required bead of blood for a symbolic circumcision, reciting the requisite prayer, and dunking himself in a make-shift mikvah—a lukewarm tub standing in for a ritual pool of water: "I was a Jew now, I thought."

Still, he entered Brown a "secular Jew and a political liberal," complete with Birkenstock sandals to carry him to his orientation-week meeting of the Demo-

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cratic Socialists of America. Being a secular liberal at an Ivy League university is like being a Catholic believer in Vatican City, but he one-upped other campus "nonconformists" by hanging out at the Brown Hillel (a sort of Jewish student union), joining the Conservative minyan, and lusting after a *ba'al teshuvah* co-ed, Ketura Perselin. Spiritually, Ketura and her Orthodox Jewish

■

David Klinghoffer was dying—dying to decide who he was, to acknowledge God's control by becoming the Jew he was born to be.

■

friends picked up where several of his born-again Christian old flames had left off, exciting him with their rock-solid religious sensibilities and embarrassing him with their knowledge of Biblical texts: "I wanted to know something too."

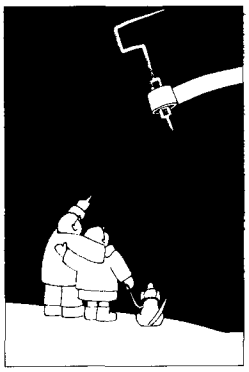
He spent the summer of 1986 at the Jewish Theological Seminary, the bastion of Conservative (read: liberal) Judaism, but he encountered there Conservative rabbis and students who sought a "middle ground" between Torah "and the void," including "one female rabbinical student, a sexy Californian in tight Levi jeans, who said she wasn't sure if God exists."

After graduating from Brown, Klinghoffer went to work for NATIONAL REVIEW. For several years following a one-time, one-night cocaine binge, he suffered time and again from the delusion that he was dying. None of the physicians or psychiatrists he consulted told him so, but he was dying—dying to decide who he was, to acknowledge God's control by becoming the Jew he was born to be, to stop backsliding into a lifestyle acutely at variance with his modest yet growing knowledge of Torah.

Fast-forwarding his journey, we find him in 1993 strengthened by the always-on-target spiritual guidance of an Orthodox rabbi, Daniel Lapin, yet craving to discover his "authentic" Jewish roots rather than (as my some of Protestant friends like to say) to "just get right with God." He tracked down his birth mother. In due course, they discussed why she chose the Klinghoffers as his adoptive parents. "Well, you know," she told him, "my mother was Jewish" by way of a Jewish great-grandfather with the surname Goldkuhl. With a surge of tribalist adrenaline, he "sat bolt upright. . . . If this was true, I was part Jewish by blood! . . . I realized that, to be precise, my blood was one-sixteenth Jewish. . . . I could walk into a synagogue or a kosher restaurant and return the curious glances," for the Goldkuhl family was "my blood link with the Nation of Israel."

Klinghoffer and his co-religionists will, I hope, not misunderstand me when I say that the book's final chapter constitutes the most satisfyingly Christian moment of Klinghoffer's journey. Christians believe that the only blood that matters is the blood of Jesus Christ. It took a genealogical investigation that would make Dick Tracy (Jewish?) proud, concluding in Stockholm, for David to realize that human blood "evaporates. Quickly." (But I won't give away his surprise ending.)

Klinghoffer "reached the conclusion that Judaism is true" even though several Christians—including a Catholic girl he almost married—had courted him for Christ. Not, mind you, that any Christian ever sought him out with what I would consider a full-court intellectual or spiritual press for Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. (Friendly memo to Wm. F. Buckley Jr.: Who tends to God and man at NATIONAL REVIEW?)



But alas, *The Lord Will Gather Me In* insists that for Klinghoffer, Christianity simply was not in God's plan. The author engages in no interfaith shading. Oral Torah, he writes, "excludes belief in Jesus" as the Messiah.

Different as they are, however, Judaism and Christianity in their orthodox manifestations are not only joined at the hip theologically ("If nothing happened at Sinai, both religions are frauds" writes Klinghoffer), but one in opposing so-called mainstream religions that blink or wink at Biblical injunctions against abortion, sex outside of marriage, and more. Klinghoffer suggests that Reform Judaism and other liberal religions are crashing while Orthodox Judaism, born-again Protestantism, and old-school Catholicism are expanding because the latter speak authoritatively about God, stir souls, and keep them stirred by stressing daily prayer and other religious habits.

At least regarding Judaism, certain statistics bear him out. For example, American Jews are now marrying gentiles at the rate of 52 per cent (60 per cent for Reform Jews). Among Orthodox Jews, intermarriage is negligible, birth rates are high, and the *ba'al teshuvah* movement is increasing the ranks every year. He credits Irving Kristol and other "pragmatic" thinkers for seeking antidotes to intermarriage (for example, reemphasizing Jewish education), but chides them for failing to address what you might call the ultimate Jewish Question: whether the religion of the people they want "to save is true or mainly a useful fiction . . . an instrument for the survival of the tribe."

Klinghoffer's zeal-of-the-convert tone and conclusions are bound to offend many Jews, both religious and secular, both liberal and conservative. His book will also upset many Christians (we've got Jesus-is-coming prophesy all wrong, he's certain).

Even his worst critics, however, should credit him with offering a simplified, illuminating rationale for life-affirming Jewish laws on keeping kosher, refraining from sexual intercourse with one's wife during her period of menstruation, males' wearing fringes of precisely twisted wool cord on a four-cornered garment, and more. Credit him, too, for shredding the stereotype of Orthodox Judaism as slavish adherence to inane, hair-splitting laws (never mind that he charges the Christian Apostle Paul with advancing this stereotype).

As we read in Deuteronomy 4:29: "But if . . . you seek the Lord your God, you will find him if you look for him with all your heart and with all your soul." Above all, credit Klinghoffer for looking, and for writing down what he sought—and found. **NR**

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A Book for All Readers

FLORENCE KING

The Life of Thomas More, by Peter Ackroyd (Doubleday, 447 pp., $30)

ERASMUS addressed him as *mellitissime Thoma* and famously proclaimed that his sweetest Thomas was *omnium horarum*—a man for all seasons, whose affability remained constant through fair weather and foul. It's true that Thomas More joked even on the scaffold, but Erasmus, who liked puns and double meanings, may also have alluded to the many people who had no idea what made him tick.

Foremost among them was the upfront Dame Alice More, whose letter to Henry VIII pleading for her husband's life made it clear that she considered him a little touched. Even Erasmus, who probably understood him as much as anyone could, was reduced in the end to throwing up his hands and crying, "If only he had left theology to the theologians!"

The philosopher's outburst highlights More's greatest contradiction: he was an ascetic man of the world. Grandson of a rich merchant, son of a King's Bench judge, exposed while a page in the household of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the highest gloss of savoir faire, he was the master mold of urbanity and the very glass of sophisticated social ease, yet underneath his silks and velvets he wore a hair shirt.

A perplexing duality marked his every thought and deed. He died in defense of papal authority and always bowed to his father, even in adulthood when he outranked him, but he himself was a permissive father who spanked his children with feathers. His attitude toward women was almost schizoid. More the dominant male married his first wife solely to avoid the sin of fornication; when she died giving birth to their fifth child, he remarried a month later solely because he needed a housekeeper. Yet More the feminist was the first Englishman to champion education for women and personally instructed his daughter Margaret in Latin and Greek, fashioning her into the most erudite woman of her time.

The King himself was caught short by his contradictions. More's detached, ironic personality seemed ideally suited to the divorce situation. Surely this easily amused courtier would not scruple to tinker with the law for the sake of Henry's pressing marital needs, nor would the author of *Utopia* be one to object to reforming society along more progressive lines. Yet when Henry made More his Lord Chancellor with this purpose in mind, he found he had acquired a Nathan.

More's latest biographer, Peter Ackroyd, does not fully understand him either—many of his conclusions are prefaced with, "It is possible that . . ."—but he presents More in a way that invites readers, especially conservatives, to identify with him. Born in 1478 as the Middle Ages were turning into the Renaissance, More "embodied the old order of hierarchy and authority at the very moment when it began to collapse." Anxiety is the unavoidable fate of people who bridge two epochs. Those who today live with an ever-present gnawing sense of dislocation brought on by the Sixties' assault on traditional values can easily understand how Thomas More must have felt.

Like today's neo-cons, he was for a time part of what he later fought. His friendship with Erasmus grew out of their mutual enthusiasm for the "new learning," a movement opposed to priestly control over education. For centuries, the medieval church had maintained that the Bible, Aristotle, and the canon law of Justinian comprised the totality of knowledge and obviated the need for more. These three sources being finite, however, learning had turned back in on itself and descended into "Scholasticism," which flirted with lunacy. The famous story of monks debating how many angels can dance on the head of a pin may be apocryphal, but Scholastics did argue the difference between *vinum bibi bis* (wine I drank twice) and *bis vinum bibi* (twice wine I drank).

Thomas More called this *stultissima solertia* (foolish ingenuity) and promot-

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ed the teaching of Greek and Roman literature and rhetoric on grounds that the precision logic and lucid eloquence of classicism would infuse piety with clarity and hence strengthen faith.

Because the New Learning extolled human reason over church authority, it was called "Humanism." Erasmus was in the vanguard, writing (in seven days

Like all liberal movements, Humanism got hijacked and all hell broke loose.

during a stay at More's home) *In Praise of Folly*, a satirical look at greedy churchmen and lazy mendicant friars that became the most famous secular work of the sixteenth century. Thomas More took a leaf from Plato's *Republic* and described a perfect society called "Utopia." The word was his coinage, taken from the Greek elements meaning "no place," but this subtlety was lost on many. Like all liberal movements, Humanism got hijacked and all hell broke loose.

Thomas More and Martin Luther never met, but "the battle between the two men is like an internalized conflict between the warring selves of sixteenth-century civilization." More, now a member of the King's Council, wrote a scathing response to Luther. Luther was a dishonest liar (*improbe mendax*), an ape (*simium*), he deserved to have someone defecate (*incacere*) in his mouth, he celebrated Mass on the toilet (*super foricam*), and he wriggled his bum (*clunem agitat*) when preaching. In his reply, Luther compared the Catholic world to a gigantic anus and himself to an incipient bowel movement and predicted, "We will probably let go of each other soon."

Scatology was in common usage in an age when people lived close to their wastes, but More and Luther crossed the line into what Ackroyd calls "a reverse world of the medieval imagination, filled with frantic symbols of fear and disorder." Their cloacal and bestial imagery makes the same psychological statement found in "babooneries," the dramatic tableaux and puppet shows of the Middle Ages in which the sacred was represented by the profane. It was a battle between control and release: More stood for the one and Luther for the other, but they expressed themselves with the same language.

When Lutheran tracts found their way into England, More took up duties not covered in the two movies about him. He became a heretic hunter, raiding homes and university rooms and sending the guilty to the stake. Ackroyd does not give an exact count but records several of More's satisfied appraisals, e.g., "He was well and worthely burned in Smythfelde."

It was during the heresy crisis that Henry VIII turned into Bill Clinton. The entrance of Ann Boleyn into his life inspired him to read the Bible, specifically Leviticus, where he made an amazing discovery. After 18 years of marriage to his erstwhile sister-in-law, Catherine of Aragon, he suddenly realized that he had uncovered his brother's nakedness and should therefore be granted an annulment.

Obsessed by his idea, he singled out More for intense consultations, even coming to his Chelsea home and walking in the garden with his arm slung around his councilor's neck. Next to the tall, burly Henry, the short More must have looked like Bruce Lindsey in a codpiece.

We can hear Henry–Bill thinking: heretics aren't so bad after all, might in fact be useful. . . . He began secretly to read their confiscated tracts—Ann slipped him one by William Tyndale—looking for a loophole that would get him out of the marriage without risking his new title of *Fidei Defensor*. The situation turned into a Tudor version of the Keystone Kops: More chasing heretics and Henry granting them safe conduct in case he needed them later.

The author fleshes out the familiar story of More's arrest and trial with a wealth of detail that occasionally becomes turgid and redundant, but his attention to cases from More's early legal career makes the crux of the matter clear. The English schism was an inevitable extension of Praemunire, the fourteenth-century statute that maintained the rights of King and Common Law against the Pope and the clerical courts.

The Life of Thomas More is hard going. The Latin is fun and instructive but ye olde Englysshe ys nott. The protagonist's complexity and detachment may wear thin for some—I ultimately found him too much of a Catholic Ashley Wilkes—but the rich background of late-medieval life is superbly done. Ackroyd's evocative accounts of pageants, Corpus Christi plays, maypoles, comets, omens, mad nuns, schoolboys on tall stools reciting declensions, and the bells of St. Mary-le-Bow marking the liturgical day are not to be missed. Whatever your opinion of Thomas More, this is a book for all readers. **NR**

Fighting Words

JOSIAH BUNTING III

The Victors: Eisenhower and His Boys: The Men of World War II, by Stephen E. Ambrose (Simon & Schuster, 400 pp., $20)

FOR whom is serious history written? The American academy has long answered: for other university scholars. On occasion, works of academic scholarship become popular: one can think of any number of such books. But in the eyes of university colleagues, their authors as a consequence soon become suspect—quietly derided, yet envied. Historians vulgarly praised as "good writers" are similarly fretted over. Propulsive narrative, pellucid prose, epigrammatical assertion or conclusion, vivid exemplification: such things virtually guarantee the wary regard of other professional historians.

There is a sub-species of history writing that particularly excites academic contempt. This is the history of men at war: not of ministers of war or defense secretaries, but of military leaders and ordinary soldiers. That military history should occupy the lowest caste in the history profession is unsurprising. The fact of organized slaughter in the service

Gen. Bunting has been superintendent of Virginia Military Institute since 1995.

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of state policy is deeply offensive to the liberal dream of human perfectibility, a reminder that mankind at the close of the twentieth century remains in the end no more advanced, as Richard Eberhardt wrote, than in our ancient furies. And since the end of the military draft in 1972, not many are those men and women, one day to become scholars and writers of history, who have voluntarily served in uniform. Few historians have any feel for the grit and heft and horror, for the enduring attraction for some, of "making war."

For these reasons, military history is usually written by historians without either academic credentials or academic appointments. One thinks of the great historian of the British army, Sir John Fortescue; of John Wheeler-Bennett, of Douglas Southall Freeman (who continued to edit a large daily newspaper while he wrote his magnificent histories of Lee and his lieutenants), of Barbara Tuchman, Elizabeth Longford, Brian Farwell, and John Keegan—all of whom wrote or are writing for large audiences.

Writers like these grip hands with the great historians of an earlier century—Macaulay, Parkman, Bancroft, Henry

■

Ambrose's Eisenhower seems the very embodiment of American leadership in war.

■

Adams. Their concern is fundamentally with human character and intelligence under the grossest and most unremitting stresses life furnishes: those of sustained military campaigning.

Among such historians, no American now writing is read more widely than Stephen Ambrose. The popularity of his recent books is reminiscent of G. M. Trevelyan's comment about Lord Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*—that their sales might be said to vary directly with the price of coal. Ambrose is an academic historian and brilliant classroom teacher who may be said, using a naval metaphor, to have slipped his moorings.

In his books and lectures Ambrose often concludes by describing small units of young soldiers, walking through towns in the great theaters of war in

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1945. Almost alone among such groups, squads of American GIs evoked smiles of delight, reassurance, gratitude, and confidence among those who saw them pass by. They were a soldiery whose military training had not effaced the essential goodness of the people and culture that had bred them. They were instinctively trusted by people who saw them—who perhaps a week earlier had watched enemy armies pass along the same streets, armies whose military men had been instructed that they represented superior races and cultures, with a destiny to conquer and subdue.

The picture is of course somewhat idealized. It reminds us of *Saving Private Ryan* (for which Ambrose was the principal technical advisor) and dozens of older war movies in which American squads are microcosmic melting pots of citizenship and ethnicity. And it reminds us also—which explains much of Ambrose's popularity—of the degree to which we yearn for the emotional adhesion of a country united in a just and mighty purpose.

His newest book—the author's fifth since 1994—*The Victors*, bears the subtitle *Eisenhower and His Boys: The Men of World War II*. It is an integration of several earlier works, including the enormously popular *Citizen Soldiers* and its various predecessors. Among these are *Band of Brothers: E Company, 506th Regiment, 101st Airborne*, and *D-Day: June 6, 1944*. The titles suggest the continuing focus of most of this historian's work: young Americans brought to their country's service by a variety of motives—pure patriotism, the desire to prove something and earn distinction, the felt obligation to serve. But the soldiers Ambrose writes about were sustained in their combat service above all by an irreducible unwillingness to break faith with those of their own small units.

Thus while Ambrose has been criticized for reducing history to an immense series of episodes and anecdotes, strung together loosely in a narrative making few moral judgments, but allowing the facts to speak for themselves, this critique misses the point altogether. Ambrose is determined to show, as Thucydides did in the *The History of the Peloponnesian War*, and as Lincoln pronounced in the Gettysburg Address, that the essential goodness of a moral, democratic society makes of its citizens military defenders who will triumph over enemies whose soldiers are the products of totalitarian, racist, and authoritarian regimes. Someone once wrote: Churchill speaks of the soft underbelly of Europe, and a private crawls forward three feet in the rain. Ambrose is the recorder of the private's progress. To fasten upon multiple, unregarded lives and tiny incidents is to illuminate the larger thesis by accretion. Ambrose accomplishes this with great power.

So while *The Victors* summarizes and reconsiders Ambrose's earlier World War II themes, it does so for the declared purpose of making a narrative history of "the Supreme Commander and the junior officers, NCOs, and enlisted men carrying out his orders—generally ignoring the ranks in between."

Like Emerson's Lincoln, Ambrose's wartime Eisenhower seems in some sense—however ironic the word in 1998—an aboriginal American, the very embodiment of American leadership in war: slow to anger, vast in wrath, yet boyish, bumptious, always able to get a kick out of things, understanding that no crisis, however distended and destructive, can be allowed to register in the persona he presents to those he leads, his soldiers, and those he represents, his countrymen. Ambrose writes: "He spoke with great earnestness, a perfect expression of the devotion to duty that he felt deeply . . . but all followed by that big grin and a verbal expression of bouncy enthusiasm . . . he was so big, so generous, so optimistic, so intelligent, so outspoken, so energetic—so American."

But the soldiers he led are the real subjects of *The Victors*. Ambrose's mission throughout is not unlike that of Joseph Conrad. The novelist said he wanted to take his audience by the lapels and demand:

> Don't you see? Can't you understand? This is what your countrymen are *like*, in their best selves, in the hearts of their hearts, when once the blast of some mighty and worthy crusade has blown in their ears. Once they were this, and you must be worthy as their heirs, and nothing can make you worthy that does not lift you beyond the petty dreams and ambitions of your contracted lives.

Near the end of *The Victors*, a representative GI remembers: "We did our duty because our country asked us to, and our comrades depended on our doing it." That was all. Or as Churchill said of Eisenhower's own hero, George Marshall: Succeeding generations must not be allowed to forget his example. **NR**

Apocalypse Soon

MATTHEW SCULLY

Left Behind: A Novel of the Earth's Last Days, by Tim F. LaHaye and Jerry B. Jenkins (Tyndale, 468 pp., $19.99)

Tribulation Force: The Continuing Drama of Those Left Behind, by Tim F. LaHaye and Jerry B. Jenkins (Tyndale, 450 pp., $19.99)

Nicolae: The Rise of the Antichrist, by Tim F. LaHaye and Jerry B. Jenkins (Tyndale, 450 pp., $19.99)

Soul Harvest: The World Takes Sides, by Tim F. LaHaye and Jerry B. Jenkins (Tyndale, 426 pp., $19.97)

ALL of us have our vindication fantasies of the day when we are proved right in some controversial opinion, and woe unto those who disbelieved. *Left Behind*, as this bestselling fictional series is known, is the evangelical version: The Final Judgment is upon us. The plagues and fiery tribulations begin. The Antichrist rises up. All the true Christians who tried in vain to warn us are gone, instantaneously plucked from our midst in the Rapture. For those left behind—one last chance to get straight with the Lord.

Talk about Y2K problems. There are a dozen or so other novels in the Christian market positing 2000 as the fulfillment of Revelation, including Pat Robertson's *End of the Age* and Paul Meier's *Third Millennium*, and if they are right, computer bugs could be the least

Mr. Scully is an NR contributing editor.

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of our worries. We're talking locusts here. We're also talking three million copies of *Left Behind* already sold (and the authors are only half done), a figure that by all rights should have put each book on the *New York Times* bestseller list. Like *Publisher's Weekly*, though, the *Times* excludes Christian bookstores from its tabulations, a rigged system preserving the illusion that more Americans are reading Anna Quindlan and Toni Morrison than Tim LaHaye and Jerry Jenkins. One day the list-makers are going to have to change that policy. I'd get it done before 2000, just in case.

Left Behind centers around Rayford Steele, a middle-aged pilot for "Pan-Con"; Hattie Durham, the "drop-dead gorgeous" flight attendant; Steele's 19-year-old daughter Cloe; star *Global Weekly* reporter Cameron "Buck" Williams; and pastor Bruce Barnes, the authors' model of the unsaved Christian who did the good works and went through all the motions.

A respectable, married, half-hearted churchgoer, Steele, as *Left Behind* opens, has been sparking after stewardess Hattie. Sitting there in the 747 cockpit, he is feeling estranged from his goodly wife Irene, described as "a full-fledged religious fanatic." Under the influence of one Pastor Billings of New Hope Village Church in their Chicago suburb, she has lately become absorbed in end-times theology. Saved people aren't good people, Irene has often explained, they're just forgiven, and the Lord is coming soon to collect His own. Rayford "envied her confidence, but in truth he wrote it off to her being a more emotional, more feelings-oriented person."

Just then a hysterical Hattie rushes in to tell Captain Steele that "people are missing" from the plane. "Their shoes, their socks, their clothes, everything was left behind. These people are gone!" How many are missing from the jumbo jet? "Dozens"! Across the world, "millions" have disappeared.

So old Pastor Billings was right after all; dear, sweet Irene wasn't such a fanatic, and suddenly Hattie doesn't look so tempting anymore. Soon, perusing Irene's Bible with its little apocalyptic page markings and viewing a video left behind by Pastor Billings explaining the seven tribulations awaiting the world after the Rapture, a disconsolate Rayford "makes the transaction"—meaning he is now forgiven and eligible for salvation. Now he must see to daughter Cloe's salvation, then together they can save Buck and Hattie and everyone else who will listen before the end comes.

I make it sound simplistic, and it's true that LaHaye and Jenkins take much relish in this vision of all the

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The Last Judgement as spiritual cliff-hanger.

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skeptics and unforgiven Christians stumbling around in the rubble of the Last Days cursing themselves for not heeding the prophesies in time.

But if you take the story on its own terms, it's a page-turner. Jenkins, we're told, handled the writing according to a detailed apocalyptic chronology worked out by LaHaye, a student of Revelation and venerable author of many handy and insightful books, like *Spirit-Controlled Temperament*. It was his idea, drawn from Thessalonians where it says "the dead in Christ shall rise first," that between the Rapture and the Second Coming is an interlude when those remaining still have a shot at salvation. The whole Final Judgment is thus turned from a summary sorting of goats and lambs into a spiritual cliff-hanger.

Jenkins has a gift for plot and dialogue, which he needs as we go through the familiar scenario of international financial cabals, one-world government, and good old Romanist conspiracies. In all the chaos, mankind turns to the brilliant and charming new president of Romania, Nicolae Carpathia. He wows the media and, with his eloquent calls for disarmament, tolerance, and brotherhood among peoples, becomes UN Secretary General and then supreme "Potentate" of the Global Community, now headquartered in "New Babylon." Artfully, with all sorts of suspenseful turns along the way, Jenkins brings his main characters into the orbit of Carpathia. The story, unfolding mostly in dialogue, follows the "Tribulation Force" in their adventures

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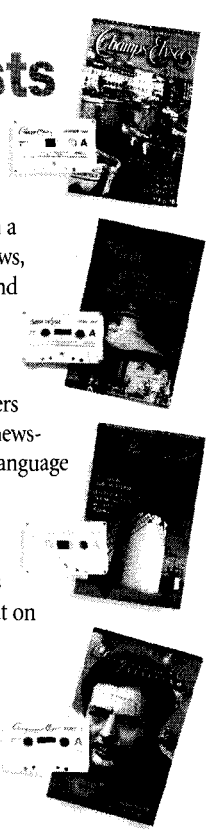

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in Israel, New Babylon, and New Hope.

Armageddon, it develops, has come down to a clash between the ancient forces of evil, sweeping Panzer-like through the world, and a core group of Christians holed up in suburban America. The trick for Jenkins is to show how ordinary people might still be tempted to doubt or indeed to side with the Antichrist. This he does with much skill, occasional subtlety, and even humor. He has CNN covering each new calamity, all the reporters but Buck in the thrall of the Antichrist, and the Beast himself (as yet unaware of his own identity, another nice touch) being named *People*'s "Sexiest Man Alive." Jenkins envisions a suave and sensitive Antichrist surrounded by fawning aides and admirers, a sort of Hitlerian Hef who sees in the disappearances a chance to make the world a more tolerant place now that all those fundamentalist rubes are gone. Hattie throughout the story needs much ministering and by the end of *Soul Harvest* is carrying Nicolae's baby—presenting the ultimate hard case and the opportunity (one guesses) for her own redemption in the next installment.

Much fun is had at the expense of "Pope Peter II," who becomes "His Excellency Pontifex Maximus," head of the Antichrist's one-world religion and the most vain and supercilious figure in the story. (As a bone to Catholics, the previous pope got raptured along with Mother Teresa.) The Jewish hero is Tsion Ben-Judah, the rabbi who boldly converts, becomes an international fugitive, and joins the Tribulation Force in their secret bomb shelter under New Hope Church. (Consolation for Jews: The international financial cabal is run by the likes of "Stonegal" and "Todd-Cothran," so at least they're off the hook on that count.) With each Praise-the-Lord conversion, there is much rejoicing and sharing and end-times Bible study, and readers should be prepared to settle in for some good long feastin' on the Word.

Coming next year are *Apollyon* and *Assassins*, with, as the press release puts it, the final installment set for release in "2000 A.D." They are drawing it out a bit—it took reporter Buck just about all of Book Four to dig out young Cloe after the earthquake. But it's a highly imaginative piece of work, with much Christian wisdom and a message of readiness relevant enough to all regardless of which comes first—one's own last days or the world's. **NR**

The Meaning of Madness

LINDA BRIDGES

The Professor and the Madman: A Tale of Murder, Insanity, and the Making of the Oxford English Dictionary, by Simon Winchester (HarperCollins, 242 pp., $22)

AT first glance, a hard-driving journalist and traveler to dangerous places would not seem the obvious person to write about the workings of the Philological Society in Victorian London and Oxford—even with murder and insanity thrown in. But Simon Winchester (whose previous books include *Prison Diary: Argentina* and *In Holy Terror*, about the fighting in Northern Ireland) has always regarded the *Oxford English Dictionary* as not merely a tool but a joy. In reading about its making, he came across the story of "the madman" of his title "and saw . . . the possibilities that by telling the poignant and human tale of William Minor, I could perhaps create some kind of prism through which to view the greater and even more fascinating story of the history of English lexicography."

William Minor was born in Ceylon to a Congregationalist missionary couple from New Haven, Connecticut. William eventually returned to the United States and became a physician, just in time to join the Union Army as a surgeon during some of the bloodiest fighting of the Civil War—a war, as Winchester puts it, "fought with new and highly effective weapons, machines for the mowing down of men—and yet at a time when an era of poor and primitive medicine was just coming to an end. It was fought with the mortar and the musket and the minié ball, but not yet quite with anaesthesia or with sulphonamides and penicillin."

Winchester speculates at some length as to what drove Dr. Minor over the brink—some combination, it seems, of genetic predisposition, the horrors of battle, and guilt over the ravenous lust first awakened in him by naked Ceylonese girls on the beach at Manepay. But whatever the causes, Minor developed paranoid delusions that led him, on February 17, 1872, to shoot dead a harmless laborer and father of seven named George Merrett, having mistaken him for an Irish assassin.

What on earth does all this have to do with the *OED*? As Chesterton points out, madness—a disconnection from the real world—can co-exist with great intellect. Dr. Minor, confined to the Broadmoor Asylum for the Criminally Insane, had one great consolation: his library. And when he learned that James Murray ("the professor") was recruiting volunteer readers to collect illustrative quotations for the gestating *New English Dictionary on Historical Principles*, he came to life. The story of how he became one of the dictionary's two most valuable volunteer readers—and arguably helped keep the project from foundering in despair—is too complex to rehearse here. But it justifies Mr.

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As Chesterton points out Madness can co-exist with great intellect.

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Winchester's musing: "One must feel a sense of strange gratitude, then, that his treatment was never good enough to divert him from his work. The agonies that he must have suffered in those terrible asylum nights have granted us all a benefit, for all time."

One of the great strengths of this book is historical mise-en-scène, particularly for nineteenth-century America and England. The one time Winchester seems on shaky ground is when he carries his history of dictionary-making back before monolingual dictionaries and ponders the difficulties faced by Shakespeare, unable "to find any book that might tell him if the word he had chosen was properly spelled, whether he had selected it correctly, or had used it in the right way in the proper place." First, people had not yet started to

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worry about orthography; in books of the time we might find a word spelled three different ways on a single page. As to usage, of course they cared about style—although they disagreed about what constituted *good* style, and Shakespeare himself repeatedly satirized the Euphuists. But had dictionaries been thought of, one can well imagine Shakespeare, Marlowe, Nashe, Greene, and the rest saying in effect what *NR* senior editor Willmoore Kendall once said to managing editor Suzanne La Follette: "Suzanne, we're the people that the people who make dictionaries come to to find out what to put in them." Consider the number of words and usages that appear in lesser dictionaries with the notation *Shak.*, or for which Shakespeare is the first citation in the *OED*.

A semi-related quibble: Winchester asserts that the type for the *OED* was "all hand-set." The making of so monumental a work would have taken much longer than it did had that been the case. In fact, much of it was set in Monotype, a more complex and flexible cousin of Linotype.

But these are truly quibbles when set against the whole of this marvelous work of historical and philological imagination. **NR**

■ **MUSIC** ■

Frankophilia

CRISTOPHER RAPP

EVERYONE should have at least one Frank Sinatra story; mine involves a seventy-year-old former member of the Soviet Politburo. One morning when I was in college, not long after the USSR crumbled, my Residential Advisor informed me that a certain Yegor Ligachev was visiting the campus and wanted to see what an American student's room looked like. Would I mind if he stopped by?

How could I refuse? Besides, I knew just what the comrade needed to shake those end-of-Empire blues. I cued up a copy of *Come Dance With Me!*, a brassy Sinatra album from the days when the Cold War was young. The first words the barrel-chested Bolshevik heard upon entering my room were: "*Hey there, cutes / put on your dancin' boots / and come dance with me!*"

Alas, Ligachev wasn't a Sinatra fan. He just muttered, "Why is there no order?"—apparently a reference to the state of my room—and left.

Comrade Yegor would have been bewildered by an academic conference held this past month at Long Island's Hofstra University dedicated to Sinatra's life and legend. The place was packed with Frankophiles (average age: 55; average no. of Sinatra albums: same), the kind of people who would never, ever, walk out on a Sinatra tune. Despite the scholarly surroundings, the three-day event had the feel of a high-class *Star Trek* convention, albeit one where those in costume wore pinky rings instead of pointy ears.

The whole thing reminded me of my grandfather. His record collection consists of two hundred albums, all by Sinatra, and listening to one of them with him is a lesson in what it means to be a fan. As the music begins, he sits back in his chair and closes his eyes, a look of delight on his face. Like Sinatra, he grew up in a working-class Northeastern neighborhood; a first-generation Italian-American in a time when being Italian was not easy. It matters to him that when bandleader Harry James asked the young Sinatra to change his name to the less ethnic-sounding Frankie Satin, he said no. When Sinatra died last May, my grandfather spent the whole day videotaping the television tributes.

Joining the fans at the conference were some of Sinatra's friends—Quincy Jones and Skitch Henderson, for example, and journalist Pete Hamill, whose recently published *Why Sinatra Matters* pays thoughtful tribute to his old friend. Their presence lent an almost mystical authenticity to the proceedings: they had touched the hem of His gabardines. "Everywhere I go, people are talking about Sinatra and listening to his music," I overheard a Frankophile say to his wife. "We're in Heaven *now*!" The music coming from speakers set around the hall certainly sounded like Heaven, or at least Vegas on a really good day.

A few clouds began to form, though,

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when the discussion turned to politics. For the most part, Sinatra's allegiances traced the same arc as the country's did. He visited FDR at the White House, and palled around with JFK, whom he called "Chicky Boy." But later on he campaigned for—can you believe it?—Ronald Reagan. One speaker, a professor of English at Manhattan College, lamented that Sinatra had "joined the Reagan juggernaut against America's disenfranchised."

As that bit of analysis suggests, there is some danger in handing Ol' Blue Eyes over to 1990s academics. I walked into one session just in time to hear a SUNY professor describe in quavering voice Sinatra's "I've Got You under My Skin." As the music crescendos, the professor explained, Sinatra prepares "a full assault on the citadel of love . . . with brass at high tide, sweeping away any vestige of impotence."

It was clear that the fans and the professors didn't always see eye to eye. Later in the day, the chairman of Hofstra's Sociology Department admitted he didn't quite understand Sinatra's appeal. After all, he said, Miles Davis, Ray Charles, and Nat Cole, among others, were more talented. Sinatra, by virtue of his white skin, simply had "access to the channels of social communication. . . . Frank was probably lucky that his eyes were blue after all."

That was a very *un*-swinging thing to say, and one white-haired man sitting in my row would have none of it. He shot up from his chair, and said, "You come to a *Frank Sinatra* conference—a man who will be remembered as the entertainer of the century—and you have the unmitigated *gall* to tear down his reputation? *Go back to Moscow, where you will be welcome!*" The Frankophiles cheered. And somewhere, I'd like to think, Yegor Ligachev remembered my messy room.

Of course, Sinatra's legacy is best measured not in three days of panel discussions, but rather in minutes, and seconds—the hopeful 3:25 of "Day In, Day Out," the sadder-than-sad 4:26 of "One for My Baby," the rollicking 2:10 of "I've Got the World on a String." As Pete Hamill commented, in the end it is Sinatra's work that matters. "The greatest of all things to do," he said, "is to go home, sit in a chair, turn on the phonograph, listen to the music, and don't think about another goddamn thing." That point may be lost on professors and members of the Politburo, but it's one that my grandfather, eyes closed, has understood all along. **NR**

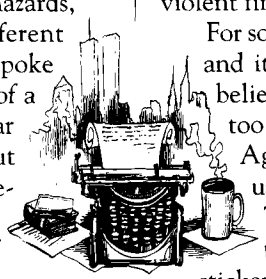
■ CITY DESK ■

Gentle Souls

RICHARD BROOKHISER

NEW YORKERS are people on the move. When we travel, the down tempo of our countrymen astonishes and enrages us. Stuck behind the revenants clogging the aisles of 7-Elevens in Ohio or Texas, we wonder helplessly, "Don't they have anything else they have to do today?" Visitors here are equally baffled by our pace. A hinterland friend complained once about New York driving. What about it? I rose to the bait. "There are no lanes on the avenues." "Of course there are," I scoffed, "they're painted plainly." "But no one stays in them." "Oh, *stays* in them—!" Moving as fast and nimbly as possible is the local form of courtesy; only thus can you feel you are not obstructing someone else's path.

Yet amidst the churn and the fret, the city harbors a surprisingly large number of alien spirits—not plodders, like the all-American supermarket hazards, but frequent flyers on a different plane altogether. Thoreau spoke about marching to the beat of a different drummer. These hear their own beat all right, but they would never do something so full of swagger and strut as march. Think of them as gentle souls.



They would appear to be most at home in any place that is isolated and unchallenging—Northern California, Vermont, college towns everywhere. When the time comes that they must work, they tend to be drawn to certain professions. I encounter them most often as masseuses and masseurs. This, in turn, draws them to the city, for it harbors the greatest collection of muscle mass in need of their services. Like the Marschalin in *Der Rosenkavalier*, every professional New Yorker has a support staff, not of servants, but of hires by the hour. The job of the gentle souls is to send us back into the scrum to trample the weak.

M. has been pulping me for six or seven years now. Over the years she has practiced her craft in Michigan, California, and New York; New Yorkers, she observes, do carry more tension in their heads. Yes, we sigh swinishly, that's what comes from using them more. Gentleness is only M.'s global affect; she can treat a stiff neck with the brusqueness of a meat mallet. She makes house calls, so once a month the living room becomes an instant spa. I

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Amidst the churn and the fret, the city harbors a surprisingly large number of alien spirits.

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lie down like a turkey in a pan, and she goes to work; halfway through, unlike a turkey, I am turned; in ninety minutes, though it seems much faster, we are done. She knows my body better than I know the block I live on. She can tell at a touch when ailments are passing through, when I have worked out not enough or too much, when I have been typing a blue streak (most recently, 72,000 words in five days on the Hamilton–Burr duel and its run-up: a violent finish is always exciting).

For someone so attuned to the body and its rhythms, she also devoutly believes in the incorporeal. She is too unorthodox to be called New Age, for that might foreclose useful old transcendentalisms. To see me through a stay in the hospital, she gave me a sticker of the Virgin of Guadalupe; my Catholic friends were too polite to impose upon my Protestantism so grossly. She believes in past lives, and thinks that one of hers may have been spent as a pirate. When I was writing about George Washington, she suggested that I study his astrological chart. At last, an angle that the editors of the Washington Papers had neglected. I pointed out that when Washington was twenty, England and its colonies switched from

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the Julian to the Gregorian calendar. Thus his "real" birthday had been February 11, not February 22. Surely the stars could be adjusted for this? She asked some more astrologically adept friends, though I forget their verdict.

M. and my hospital stay gave me an important clue to New Age "beliefs"—always weird, and sometimes pernicious on their face. Yet they should also be judged by what the believer means by embracing them. For grosser sorts, they are ways of fulfilling desires (meditate your way to wealth). For gentle souls, they are forms for expressing compassion. When my diagnosis was uncertain, M. "scanned" me and concluded that there was nothing wrong. Something was very wrong, it turned out, though soon enough cured. But she had wanted it to be right; her extra-senses had followed her heart. And once I fell into the toils of hospitalization, she was there whenever I needed her to provide this-worldly comfort.

Massage, of course, has another meaning, both in the city and elsewhere (though M. sees her clients in very little, it never comes up—an index of her earnestness). I would guess that emptiness characterizes the souls involved in that other form of massage: the emptiness of narcissists who know they exist only when skin is being touched, or attention being paid. Vice President Aaron Burr was one such. So perhaps may be another American leader of higher rank. **NR**

■ FILM ■

Down the Tube

JOHN SIMON

THE twins David and Jennifer, living in a broken home with their unhappy mother, console themselves: she by becoming the high-school slut, he by immersing himself in reruns of an idyllic Fifties black-and-white family television show, ***Pleasantville***. An elderly television repairman arrives unbidden and rewards David's knowledge about the show with a special remote control that lands him bemusedly, and Jennifer furiously, inside the show. They take the places of Bud and Mary Sue, teenage siblings in an Eisenhower-era fiction that for them becomes, er, reality.

Their "parents," George and Betty, carry family values to the heights of saccharine platitudinousness, as does the rest of Pleasantville, a self-sufficient microcosm bounded by smugness. The

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Another cute concept, initially provocative, goes down the drain.

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pages in the library books are as blank as the students' minds: the jocks playing basketball score with every shot. The fire patrol's entire job is rescuing treed cats, and lovers' lane is merely for holding hands. The girls' wired bras are as impenetrable as cuirasses, and double beds are unheard of. You wonder how anyone here got born. Do I hear you mutter "*Truman Show*"? Well muttered.

Jennifer/Mary Sue starts seducing the basketball captain, and David/Bud revolutionizes the mentality of Mr. Johnson, his boss at the soda shop. As they experience sex, or any other passion, the monochromatic Pleasantvillers become "coloreds": they, like things close to them (flowers, trees), start taking on color. Book pages fill with text in the hands of those wanting to read them. Under Bud's guidance, Johnson discovers art reproductions and takes up painting. Sexually neglected by her husband, Betty has an affair with Johnson, who also paints her in the nude. The town is shocked by the painting, and Betty tries to hide her coloredness under grim, grey-green makeup.

The town is bitterly divided into a black-and-white conservative majority and a growing minority of liberal coloreds. Sex is catching on, as are notions of a world beyond. Big Bob, the reactionary mayor, enlists George and other conservatives to help stem the tide—why, George even finds Betty gone and is forced to cook for himself! Hauled before Big Bob's ad hoc tribunal, Bud, the supposed instigator, defends himself

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staunchly as Margaret, his by-now-colored girlfriend, and his colored mother, Betty, look on proudly.

But where is the semblance of logic that even fantasy, in good storytelling, requires? What happened to the original Bud and Mary Sue who have become supplanted? Jennifer forgets about promiscuity and becomes a good student by reading a book by D. H. Lawrence; how does she discover it? And is reading about sex more fun than having it? How is Pleasantville to remain itself now that buses leave for beyond its borders? David returns to the present and seemingly parts forever from Margaret; is she allergic to buses? Jennifer, loving her new studious self, stays on in Pleasantville; where does that leave her real-life mother, who needs her back? George, Betty, and Mr. Johnson seemingly continue in a ménage à trois; is that utopia or dystopia? The TV repairman is displeased with the turn things have taken; is that God disapproving of errant mankind? Then why doesn't he punish it?

Like other overambitious fantasies, *Pleasantville* paints itself into a corner. But what Gary Ross (author also of *Big*) flubs as a writer, he glosses over as a director. Performances are fine, notably by Tobey Maguire (Bud), William H. Macy (George), and the deeply moving Joan Allen (Betty). But neither politically nor existentially—let alone artistically—does this allegory come to an honest conclusion, as another cute concept, initially provocative, goes down the drain.

■ The only interesting thing about ***The Siege*** is the idea: Arab terrorists blanketing New York City with bombs, and the difficulty of finding adequate protective measures. But even that idea was ripe for the plucking, and required only a little pluck, because, in targeting New York City's Arab-American population for suspicion and showing them being herded into detention camps, it risked arousing the wrath of that minority.

Yet, as minorities go, that is one of the most unpopular and powerless, and its protests have gone by largely unheeded. Personally, what I would protest here is a terrorist bomb going off in a Broadway theater. Being also a drama critic, I would have preferred for it to explode in a ballpark. Terrorists, not known for their good taste, may even seek out a movie such as *The Siege* and extract ideas from it. They, in fact, may be the only satisfied customers.

Aside from its subject, the movie is conventional. The early sequences are cannily enough staged by Edward Zwick, but after that it's mostly routine stuff. We get the megalomaniacal general whose troops take over the city (Bruce Willis, in his recent tight-lipped and beady-eyed mode), but he is not visibly backed up by the higher powers. The noble and brilliant FBI hero, Hub, by now almost obligatorily played by a black actor (Denzel Washington, doing his best with a role that is a neo-stereotype), is surrounded by fellow agents among whom the solitary blond WASP sticks out like conspicuous tokenism. Hub's chief aide is Frank Haddad, an agent of Lebanese descent, and as loyal as they come. He is played very well by Tony Shalhoub, of similar ancestry.

Where the otherwise cautious scenarists allowed themselves some leeway is in the character of the CIA agent Elise, a benign Mata Hari figure who has slept with the enemy in a good cause: to train a group of young Arabs to assassinate Saddam Hussein. But our government changed its policy, leaving those young trainees in the lurch, and, now persecuted by their own, they are ready to turn their new skills on the United States. The screenwriters have made Elise (the good Annette Bening) into a witty,

tough-talking, screwball-comedy broad, a perfect Bacall for Washington's Bogart. But then they chickened out: interracial romance is, it seems, still B.O. (body odor) at the B.O. (box office).

Documentary footage of Clinton threatening the terrorists introduces the movie, but Bill subsequently fades out of the picture. Let's hope that here, at any rate, life will imitate art.

■ Richard LaGravenese began as screenwriter of one of those abhorrently pretentious, would-be mythic films, *The Fisher King*, much admired by subliterate audiences and reviewers. He has worked steadily since then and just directed his first film (from his own screenplay), ***Living Out Loud***.

On the surface, this is a fair attempt at a European-style, adult movie. Judith, a nurse whose fickle cardiologist husband dumped her after 16 years for a younger woman, mopes on in their Fifth Avenue co-op. Her one pleasure is frequenting a nightclub where the buxom, black blues

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On the surface, *Living Out Loud* is a fair attempt at a European-style adult movie.

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singer eventually becomes her friend. But she also befriends her night-porter-*cum*-elevator operator, Pat, a humble Italian-American, whose wife abandoned him after 25 years and whose improbably pretty daughter has died of some dread disease. An inveterate gambler, he owes money to the mob. Judith bails him out.

Pat dreams of a food-import business; Judith wants to become a doctor. They encourage each other's dreams. So what's mature about this? Where's the hard-nosed reality? It's in Pat's wanting to sleep with Judith, though she never will. Not surprising, since she is the still quite attractive Holly Hunter, he the unsightly near-dwarf Danny DeVito. Ah, but even that vital black singer (nonacted by Queen Latifah) has problems: her boyfriend is gay!

Realism gets kicked in the behind: hospital nurses can always get doctors, or at least interns, to shack up with them, and tenants do not socialize with doormen in posh co-ops. And the lesbian nightclub to which the singer takes the nurse is far less real than those Starlight Roofs where Fred and Ginger once plied their whirligigs. But never mind: Judith is doing well in med school and has moved to a *real* neighborhood, into a brownstone full of ethnics. And Pat delights the clientele at their favorite nightclub with his singing during amateur hour; he also has a young and pretty girlfriend. Buy your imported sardines from him. **NR**

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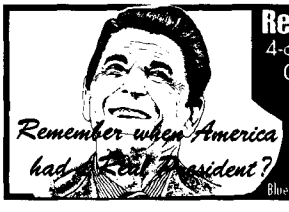

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Killer Doc

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 24

DR. Kevorkian is gleeful about his role in life and death. Up until this last time around, he would rig things so that the person at death's door would himself/herself finally activate the killing agent. But in the matter of Thomas Youk, Kevorkian provided all the necessary services. He was the trigger man, if you view it that way; the executioner, if you prefer. By any account, what he did resulted in the death of Thomas Youk.

The whole situation was arranged with lavish histrionic care. The home movie first detailed the agony of Youk's life. He was suffering from Lou Gehrig's disease and by all appearances was all but lifeless. Dr. Kevorkian explained that what Youk was most terrified by was the prospect of choking to death, so weak had his pulmonary muscles become. Mike Wallace, who hosted the documentary on *60 Minutes*, wasn't there when Youk was actually dispatched—he dealt with the home movies taken by Kevorkian.

One aspect of the carefully plotted scene was unexamined. The viewer was invited to believe that the reason Kevorkian, this time around, was himself going to activate the killer agents was that Youk was too infirm to do it for himself. Notwithstanding poor Youk's incapacitation, Kevorkian did get him to write his signature not once, but twice, on successive declarations that he invited death and was begging Kevorkian to give him death. It is hard to understand how someone can write out his name, but cannot trip a mechanism that will end his life. Kevorkian had high stakes in doing it in this way. He said not once but twice on the *60 Minutes* program that he wished to be arrested and tried. If he were then exonerated, he'd have cleared the way for euthanasia for all time. If he were convicted, he promised to protest by inducing death by starvation.

Twenty years ago I had a hot and heavy debate at Harvard with Alan Dershowitz, then as now a renowned and disputatious professor of law. The question before the house was Censorship, Is it Ever Justified? He took the straight hard line (Never); I, an attenuated line (Sometimes). We smote away and then when time was almost up I asked: "Would you permit the showing of a snuff film?"

I have learned, since last Sunday's *60 Minutes*, that the term is not as widely recognized as it once was. In the Sixties, in the holy search for sensation, everything was thought admissible. Drugs of course, even drugs that maimed and indeed killed. The culture of the Marquis de Sade rode high with ventures in sadism and masochism, the ultimate expression of which was of course death. In those days of rabid concern for "self-expression" there was talk of the "snuff" experience, John and Jane are carried away in their orgy to the point when John strangles (or shoots or whatever) Jane, consummating their passion definitively.

Professor Dershowitz was slowed down for a historic minute. Then he said that since murder was a felony, one couldn't produce a snuff film without committing the felony, so therefore he'd have to oppose it.

"What if the snuff film were shot where it wasn't criminal to kill? There are no criminal codes in Antarctica."

Mr. Dershowitz backed off; but on Sunday, 15 million people saw a snuff film. Or will what we saw be transmuted by the law into something other?

The case for relieving a human being of his suffering even if this requires the extinction of life is very easily made: Just look at him or her and the eyes that plead for definitive relief. But the instinctive reluctance to go along with euthanasia is instantly expressed by spokesmen for the American Medical Association. And in Canada, a court overthrows a lenient mercy-killing sentence of two years against a father's taking the life of his twelve-year-old ravaged daughter.

Does Dr. Kevorkian have any idea of the abuse to which euthanasia could be taken? Yes, he said, so why not license particular doctors, trained in the relevant disciplines, to serve as death-dealers.

It is the toughest ethical question of the modern world. Today there are opiates to relieve most pain. These are mercifully dispensed. Will we in the future need snuff films to certify to the bona fides of both parties?

In Reading the Fine Print

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 10

COURTESY of the *New York Times* we are given the results recorded by the Voters News Service. Their findings are based on questionnaires completed by just over ten thousand voters leaving 250 polling places around the country on Election Day. The survey continues a series begun by the *Times* and CBS News in 1980. Voters who gave no answer are not shown, nor those who voted for third-party candidates. We have here particulars on voting patterns on November 3 widely unnoticed, yet worth meditating.

In the order in which they appear:

—Black voters gave their overwhelming support to Democrats. This is not surprising but the trajectory is. In 1994, 8 per cent of black Americans voted for the GOP. In 1996 this rose hugely, over 100 per cent, to 18. But this last time the Republican vote descended to 11. Do we know what brought on these oscillations in the black GOP vote?

—Hispanic support for the GOP rose from 27 per cent (1996) to 37 per cent. What did the good guys do in the last two years that moved the Hispanic community in this direction?

—If you are married, you probably voted GOP (56 per cent); singles gave only 40 per cent. Solution? Get married.

—Among gays/lesbians there was movement toward the GOP, from 27 per cent in 1996 to 33 per cent. This is probably traceable to diminishing GOP enthusiasm for anti-gay rhetoric and practices.

—Here is a finding that tends to be underemphasized by analysts. If you didn't graduate from high school, you voted a mere 42 per cent for the GOP. If you graduated from high school, you supported the GOP by the narrowest margin—49 per cent. If you had some college training, you went more heavily (53 per cent) GOP. If you graduated from col-

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lege, you went GOP 55 per cent. Now hark this: If you went on from college to post-graduate schooling you zoomed back down to 46 per cent GOP—just as if you had never even gone to high school. Worth pondering.

—The least allegiance to the GOP is in the East (44 per cent). The South wins with 55 per cent, the West comes in half way, at 50 per cent.

—Now get this. Jewish Americans were doing rather better in 1996 (26 per cent GOP) than in 1994 (23 per cent). But they were retrograde last week, at 21 per cent.

—Where is the GOP least favored? In heavy urban concentrations. In cities of over a half-million, the GOP got a mere 18 per cent. In rural areas, 62 per cent.

—White men were hardy GOP hitters at 59 per cent; white women, only 54 per cent. The GOP seems to have almost zero appeal to black women, at 8 percent —one-half of the 16 per cent GOP among black men.

—But there is interesting movement among black voters. Those of them in the youngest bracket, 18–29 years old, voted 21 per cent GOP. By contrast, older blacks (45–59) gave a mere 7 per cent to the GOP. The Republicans have been saying for years that things are getting better for young, upwardly mobile black Americans. Word must be getting around.

—The division among self-designated Republicans at different ends of the ideological scale brings no surprises: 75 per cent of "liberal" Republicans voted GOP; 86 per cent of "moderate" Republicans did; 96 per cent of "conservative" Republicans were faithful.

Now what would one expect the new Speaker, Mr. Robert Livingston, to do on confronting these figures? No one will dispute the generality that American Jews are the best educated segment of the population, American blacks the least educated. What then is one to do with the sacrosanct proposition that the more you learn, the wiser your vote? There is no way to give more education to American Jews than they already get, unless we send them all to Harvard, instead of just half of them.

But then we are up against the paradoxical tickler: college graduates tend to vote for the GOP unless they go on to graduate school! Maybe Speaker Livingston should favor aid to students only up to senior year at college; not a penny after that, not until their polling performance improves.

That is a neat idea. Yes, we should run with that one.

Gephardt-Proof Tax Reform?

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 13

EVERYONE (who cares) is focusing on the upcoming Republican leadership's convention, at which the new Speaker will be named and, it is hoped, the credenda for the 1999–2000 GOP will be given. A survey of individual Republicans' views reminds us how marked the divisions are—the Congressman who believes mostly in the grand picture, with new roads and railroads and space exploration, the legatee of Teddy Roosevelt and Nelson Rockefeller. At the far other end, the Republican who would like to make a cottage industry out of government. Then too there is the interventionist in foreign policy *vs.* the isolationist, the high-tariff man and the free-market man. But lo!—the diaspora comes together on one point, which is that the GOP must be the sponsor of reduced taxes.

In this space, during the election season, the point was made that the GOP leadership failed, by and large, to give tax reduction the kind of metaphysical grounding it needed to lift it above the Gephardt-level of criticism ("the party of the rich"). The first step in making the main point is done by analogy. If the state confiscated 100 per cent of your income, you would be a slave—no argument. What about the state's taking fifty percent of your income? Half free, half slave?

The subject is certainly fit for analysis and even speculation, and along comes an idea from Dick Morris, the off-beat ex-advisor–crony to President Clinton, who is said to have been the critical counselor in the White House that got Clinton to vote in favor of welfare reform. Morris had his Monica problem but got away without a Starr examination, and now he writes political ideas, one of them recently arguing the way to go in tax reduction: Make contributions to qualified charities not merely deductible, which they now are, but dollar-for-dollar reductions from the tax owed.

Already a related idea is coming up from otherwise arid political soil. The Democrats are talking about tax credits for schooling your children. What about tax credits for contributions to the Red Cross?

Now designing tax policy with the view to furthering this activity or that (churches, hospitals, education) is not the ideal way to go. Milton Friedman many years ago advocated an end to all deductions (as did I, in my book *Four Reforms*), simultaneous with a uniform tax of 17 per cent—a revenue-neutral exchange. Even though it is persuasive that the country would be better off if government ceased micromanaging surplus moneys earned by American citizens, it is also persuasive that the very best policy requires hurdling over very real political obstacles, and one of these is that the "rich" must not be permitted any tax relief. But having lopped off an entire finger of high-income taxpayers with the 1993 act, Congress is not likely to go for tax relief aimed only at the poor, in part because they pay no taxes to begin with. It all comes in from the middle class. To repeat: Five per cent of American taxpayers pay 50 per cent of all taxes; 50 per cent of American taxpayers pay 95 per cent of all taxes. We are then primarily aiming at Americans who earn $30,000 or more.

You are given (let us imagine) two alternatives. Give $100 extra to the government, or give $100 to your church/hospital/school/symphony orchestra. Only Oliver Wendell Holmes would opt to give the money to the government, having talked himself into the belief that that is the way to buy civilization. Normal people would rather select their own beneficiaries of money which they, after all, earned, than hand over the money to the government to disburse. Obviously the option could not begin until after enough money was collected to pay for the policeman, the soldier, and the judge. But there is an interesting focus for the GOP leaders on November 18. What will the carpers and the demagogues say to the suggestion that $200 billion in the next five years be released to Americans to credit them for charitable contributions?

The implicit suggestion of critics of tax reduction—that the GOP is engaged in a Faustian compact with the rich—is nicely destroyed by figures collected by the Voter News Service and broadcast by the *Wall Street Journal*. Among Americans earning $75,000 or more, how many voted Republican, 95 percent? No—53 per cent. Down, interestingly, from 62 per cent four years ago; and here a correlation does make sense, that the wealthy were discouraged by the failure of a GOP Congress to deliver tax relief. If indeed they were afraid to do so on the grounds that Gephardt wouldn't like it, what is the argument against extending tax credit to those who give away money to charity?

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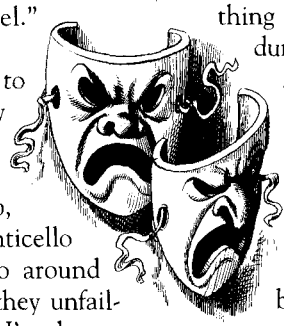
■ THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER ■

FLORENCE KING

AS soon as the Jefferson DNA story broke I got numerous calls from editors asking me to write about it. I declined for my usual reason—my first duty is to this column—but in truth I didn't really want to write about it.

My reluctance was twofold. In the first place, I don't like Jefferson. As readers of my misanthropy book know, my favorite Founding Father is Fisher Ames, who loathed Jefferson for supporting the leveling ideals of the French Revolution and considered him a crackpot liberal. Whenever anyone quoted "All men are created equal," Ames shot back: "And differ greatly in the sequel." That's my kind of guy.



Second, I had nothing to say. I've heard the Sally Hemings story all my life and I believe it. I daresay most Southern women do, even the ladies in the Monticello ancestral societies who go around twittering about the man they unfailingly call "Mr. Jefferson." I've known several such types who served as costumed hostesses in historical shrines and they are not the serene, white-crowned grandes dames that tourists see. One, who worked at our local Mary Washington House, told me she was so tired of ignoring the enmity between Washington and his mother that she longed to announce: "And this is the room where George Washington shot his mother dead!"

I can state my opinion of the Sally Hemings story in three words: these things happened. Trying to come up with tortured rationalizations and extenuating circumstances is not my style, so I decided not to write about it. But then, instead of putting it out of my mind entirely, I yielded to my fatal habit of thinking around the edges of a subject and ended up with notes for a Jefferson DNA column with a difference. Instead of writing it, it might be simpler if I just showed you the notes.

Note #1: Jeff news made to order for hysterical, insecure, ignorant, sheeplike masses, a/k/a "the American people." Stand by for ultimate media-driven guilt trip: we're all black.

Note #2: How it will work. Constant repetition as per already established parallels. "We're all immigrants" (orig. FDR? Check Wilson, W. J. Bryan). "Everybody is bisexual" (avant garde in 20s & 50s, hippies in 60s, cocktail-party staple by 70s). "We're all guilty" (suitable for most historical events as well as a wide selection of murders).

Media already repeating most-favored statistic: white–black marriage rate increasing, now at 10%, up from 2. Only thing heard more often is crash-test dummies singing "Ode to Joy" in Audi commercial.

Note #3: Much propaganda already in place. Frances Cress Welsing's theory: whites have "pigment envy" (e.g., tanning). Got big play on Phil Donahue show 1988. Said blacks are "sun people," whites are "ice people." Donahue v. impressed.

Shirlee Taylor Haizlip's 1994 book, *The Sweeter the Juice* (explain title is from old black saying, "The blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice"). Claims "some 95 per cent of 'white' Americans have widely varying degrees of black heritage." Quotes Adrian Piper: "The longer a person's family has lived in this country, the higher the probable percentage of African ancestry—bad news for the DAR, I'm afraid."

Note #4: Pioneers. Whites in California & Southwest already making false claims of Hispanic heritage to get jobs under affirmative action. Monticello tourist comment on Jeff–Sally in *Washington Post*: "There should have been more mixing like that. It would have made the country a more interesting place."

Note #5: Ripe conditions. Lionization of Tiger Woods, self-described "Cablinasian," coincides with effort to change racial-classification questionnaire on Census form. Add "Multiracial" box to prevent discrimination (Otherism).

Note #6: Lust for fame. White descendant of Jeff–Sally son on TV enjoying her 15 minutes of blackness. If that's what it takes to get on TV, then so be it.

Note #7: Trend power. Gentiles wearing yellow stars after *Holocaust* miniseries in 1978. Now trendy whites decide to "pass." Trend-spotter Faith Popcorn names it "One-Drop Chic." One-drop T-shirts, one-drop baseball caps, one-drop coffee mugs (Maxwell House sues), and a one-drop screen saver from Microsoft that freezes if touched by an ice person. One-drop personal ads appear in newspapers, blonde cheerleaders form Iowa One-Drop Drill Team. Use old African-American compliment for cadence count: "Light, bright, damn near white!"

Note #8: Trend sweeps country. Two reasons for success: a) The Choose Factor. Constant use of word by feminists makes choosing race seem normal. b) Ingrained habit. Under P.C., anti-gay remark brings rejoinder, "Suppose you replaced *gay* with *black* in that sentence?" Misogynistic remark? "Suppose you replaced *woman* with *black*?" Anti-immigrant remark? "Suppose you replaced *immigrant* with *black*?" Suppose you replaced yourself with black? Might as well, I've replaced everybody else.

Note #9: Political effect. White holdouts demand old Census form, organize "Other and Proud" march. Inevitable GOP split develops between the Other Right and the Drop Right. Bob Dole: "You want me to be a berry? I'll be a berry." Drops try to unify party with whispering campaign: "It's a shortcut to Compassionate Conservatism."

Drops win platform fight, vow to strike Big Tent and reach out to each other. Bob Dole: "Bound to work. We're all berries." Dole's Keynote speech preceded by Iowa One-Drop Drill Team marching to "Light, bright, damn near white!" Dole gets his old African-American sayings confused and comes out with: "Nothing sweeter than a bright white berry with dropsy." GOP accused of Dropism. Reappearance of ubiquitous headline: WHAT REPUBLICANS MUST DO TO REGAIN INITIATIVE.

Note #10: Numbers. Once everybody is black, Colin Powell's 750% approval rating drops and Granny's cerementa turnover registers 942.7 on the Richter scale. **NR**

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